

APRIL 30, 1881

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 596.—Vol. XXIII.

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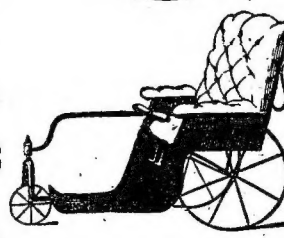
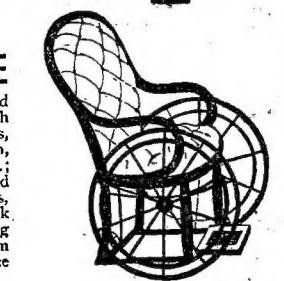


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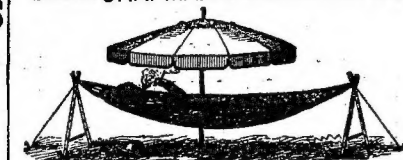
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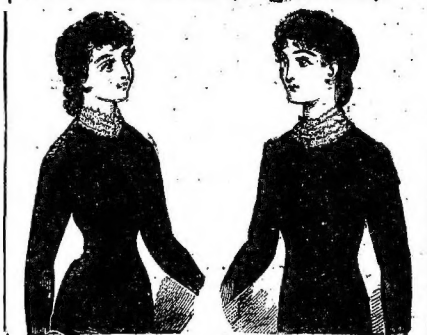


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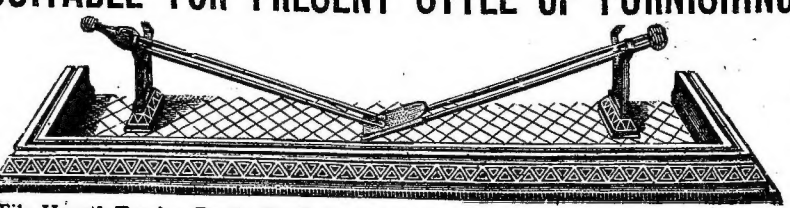
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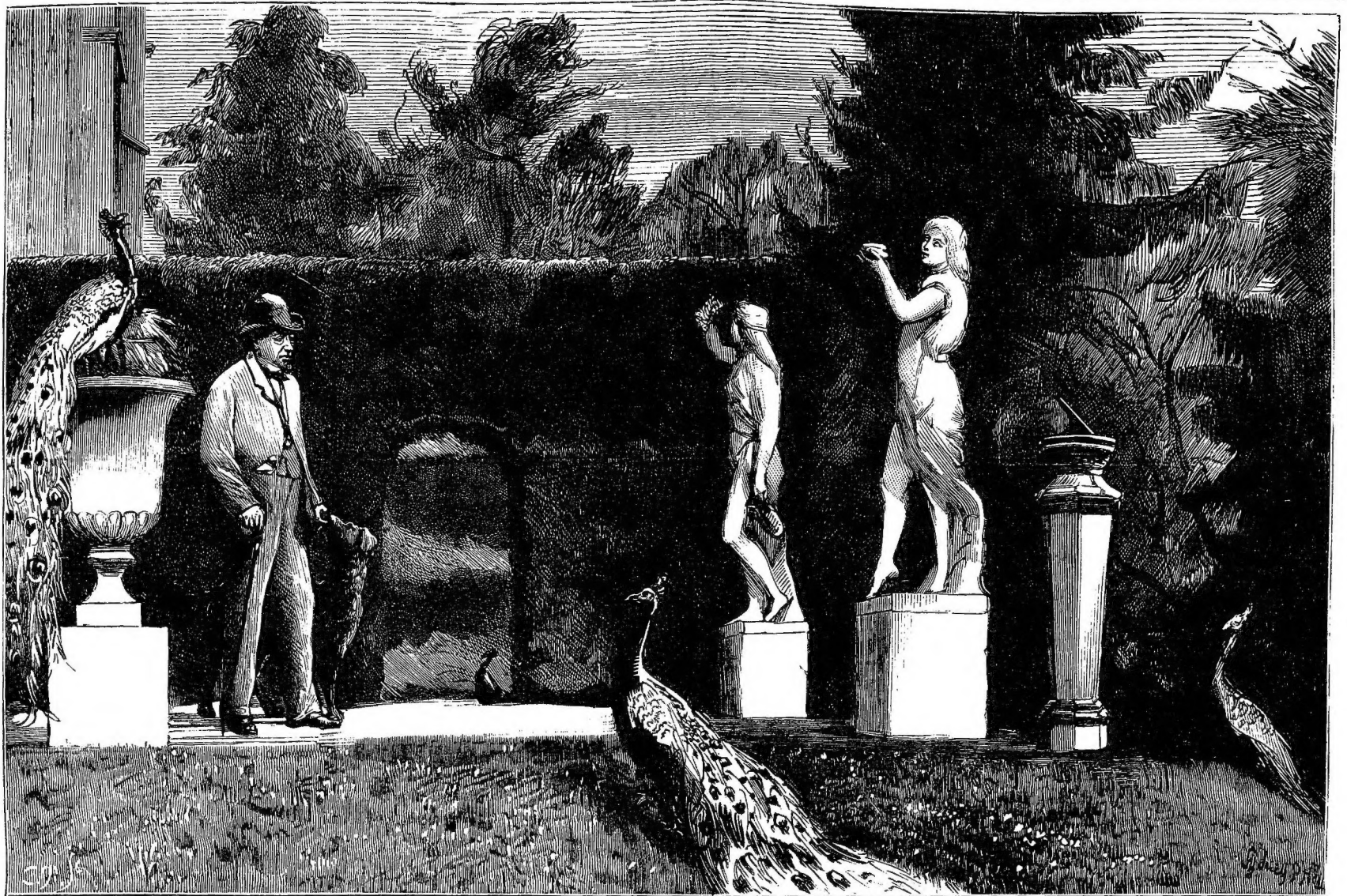
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 596.—VOL. XXIII.
Regd at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1881

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ON THE TERRACE—THE LATE EARL'S FAVOURITE WALK



UNDER THE VERANDAH—THE LATE EARL'S FAVOURITE SEAT

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD -- NOTES AT HUGHENDEN

Topics of the Week

LORD BEACONSFIELD.—A great many people have been much surprised by the judgment which has been generally pronounced on Lord Beaconsfield's career. It used to be said by his opponents that he had never been taken quite seriously by the country, and he was frequently denounced as an immoral statesman by politicians who are continually reminding the world of their own superior virtue. The English people, however, have shown in the most emphatic manner that they do not share these views. They fully recognise his faults; but the outburst of feeling caused by his death has been too nearly universal and too sincere to have had any other origin than a belief that he deserves high rank among the men who have added lustre to English history. It is to be regretted that the expression of this conviction in Parliament before his funeral was accidentally prevented; but we may hope that ample justice will be done to his great qualities when the House of Commons is asked to discuss Mr. Gladstone's proposal for a national monument. Fortunately there was nothing in Lord Beaconsfield's private character which the world had to forgive for the sake of his public services. On the contrary, every fact about him which has come to light since his death has given him a higher place in the esteem of the nation. All his writings indicate that he was fond of outward pomp and splendour; yet his personal habits were simple, and he found his deepest pleasures in the quiet enjoyment of nature and in the free play of the affections. The tender devotion of his wife, to which he made so beautiful a response, and the attachment of his many friends, especially young men, afford the best evidence of his kind and loyal temper. Many a fierce attack he made on his enemies in public, but he regarded this as merely part of the business of politics; at heart he seems to have been wholly free from rancour and envy. It was a matter of course that he should not be ashamed of his Jewish origin; but it is not enough to say that he was not ashamed of it: he gloried in his name and race. There was a touch of romance in his enthusiasm for the Jewish people, and it may almost be said to have appealed to the imagination of the whole civilised world. Perhaps it will yet do more than any other single cause to obliterate one of the most unreasonable and mischievous survivals of mediæval superstition and prejudice.

FRANCE IN NORTHERN AFRICA.—There are persons still alive who are old enough to remember the time when Algiers was a nest of pirates, and the Dey a tyrant of the genuine Oriental type. The wonder is that the maritime nations of Europe bore with these sea-rovers so long. The simple fact is that their joint action was paralysed by their own incessant quarrels. At last, a little more than fifty years ago, came Lord Exmouth, and taught the Algerians a lesson which they probably would never have forgotten, even if they had ever after been left to themselves. But then followed the French invasion and occupation, encouraged by the astute Citizen King, who dreaded European wars, but was glad to have an outlet for French military ardour in some semi-barbarous region. After an immense expenditure of blood and treasure the result is the Algeria of to-day. It cannot be reckoned a successful specimen of the art of colonisation. The native population would still throw off the French yoke if they could; apart from the military, there are but a handful of French citizens in the country, and those chiefly in the towns; while the really industrious and fairly prosperous settlers are Maltese, Italians, and Spaniards. The modern French are not very fond of emigrating, but, besides this, unless they are natives of the southern Departments, they do not become acclimatised. The summer heat is too intense and prolonged, except for persons accustomed to the sunshine of the Mediterranean shores. We venture to repeat these familiar facts about Algiers, because, if there is any likelihood of the French acting in Tunis as they have acted in Algiers (and when once the waters of strife are let out it is very hard to check them), they may find that they have engaged in a very serious enterprise. At present, outside France, the general sentiment is with the Bey rather than with the French Government, whose demands appear to be not easily reconcilable with justice and fair play. In France itself public opinion, as we understand it in this country, scarcely exists, while the severe restraints imposed on newspaper correspondents tends to intensify the popular inability to comprehend the Tunisian problem.

MR. BRADLAUGH.—It is much to be regretted that Mr. Bradlaugh carried out his intention of offering to take the oath. He has not only caused a vast amount of unnecessary trouble by doing so, but has forfeited the sympathy of many persons who would have cordially supported him in the demand to be allowed to make an affirmation. The Conservatives are severely blamed by many of Mr. Gladstone's followers for the course they have chosen to follow; but, after all, could they have been expected to do anything but protest against the degradation of what they believe to be a solemn form? The real blame rests on the Government, which ought at once, when the difficulty presented itself, to have dealt with it by legislation. Whether or not it is desirable that constituencies should elect representatives who

differ from the religious convictions of the majority of their countrymen, it is certain that the time is past for imposing theological tests on members of Parliament. Let those take the oath who choose to bind themselves in that way; they have no right to insist that the same obligation shall be laid on persons to whom oaths are without significance. It is not easy to understand why the Government hesitated so long to accept this frank solution. No doubt, it is a pity that with so much urgent business on hand such a question should have arisen; but when the matter was forced on the attention of Parliament, it was a plain duty to dispose of it in the only logical and consistent manner. Now that the Government has undertaken to give what facilities may be possible to Mr. Labouchere's Bill, we may hope soon to hear the last of a tiresome discussion.

AFTER THE RECESS.—Everything seemed to go wrong when the House of Commons reassembled on Monday night. It was generally expected that, before the debate on the second reading of the Irish Land Bill began, Mr. Gladstone would rise and pay an eloquent tribute to the memory of his departed rival. No speaker of the present day has gifts of oratory more fitted for such a task, and the speech would have been delivered with especial relevancy on the eve of the day appointed for Lord Beaconsfield's funeral. But, unfortunately, Mr. Gladstone was detained at Hawarden by missing a train, and, being either unable or unwilling to secure a special train, he was not in his place in the House till long after the Irish debate had begun. The speech will now be deferred for a fortnight, when the proposal to erect a monument to Lord Beaconsfield will be brought forward. By that time the oration, it is to be feared, will seem comparatively out of date, and will have a cold, formal, ceremonial character. Turning next to the business of the House, the discussion of the Land Bill did not begin very promisingly. After Mr. Gibson's powerful speech, owing, it may be presumed, to the want of proper management on the part of the "Whips," the debate nearly collapsed. There was apparently a "conspiracy of silence" on the Ministerial benches, and when later on Mr. Gladstone was very wroth with Mr. Gorst for saying that the Ministers sat "with wooden faces," the House was more inclined to be amused with Mr. Gorst's jocosity than to sympathise with the Premier's anger. As for the Land Bill, it is not likely that the Conservatives will oppose the second reading, especially as, over a measure of such complex details, the real battle will be in Committee. This unfortunate recommencement of Parliamentary work has since been intensified by the Bradlaugh imbroglio, which we have discussed in the preceding paragraph.

THE CZAR'S DIFFICULTIES.—It seems not improbable that the new Czar will afford one more instance of the danger of predicting confidently the career of the heir to a throne. He was always believed to have a strong sympathy with the Liberal party in his country; yet it is said that he displays a marked disinclination to make any real concession to the demands of reformers. If these reports are true, it would be unjust to condemn him harshly for an excess of caution. The circumstances in which he mounted the throne were ill adapted to foster any belief he may have had in free institutions; and, even if he had succeeded his father in the ordinary course, a sense of responsibility would inevitably have made him pause before making great and irrevocable changes. Even the best-informed Russians do not know their country well enough to be able to say with certainty what would be the effect of introducing into it the representative principle. It might have excellent results; it might lead to revolution. The Czar's hesitations are, therefore, what ought to have been expected; and the chances are that he will continue to be as watchful and timid as the late Emperor. If he escapes some difficulties in this way, there can be no doubt that he exposes himself by his present policy to others, perhaps of a more formidable nature. That the Nihilists are not mere talkers, they have shown impressively enough; and much of the discontent which prevails among the people is made more alarming by being vague and inarticulate. Most of the peasantry have probably a loyal feeling towards the Czar; but they are oppressed with burdens heavier than they can bear; and if they could be induced to act, hunger might soon drive them to excesses which would go far beyond their original intentions. On the whole, the position of Alexander III. is about as unenviable as that of any Sovereign who has reigned in Europe during the present century. Whether he stands still, goes back, or advances, he is almost equally in danger of falling into the abyss.

CANDAHAR AND THE TRANSVAAL.—The Government are perhaps well-advised, they have consulted experts, and the balance of opinion has decided them to withdraw from Candahar. Still, whether we were right or wrong in attacking Shere Ali, it is difficult to avoid feeling a pang of disappointment at the abandonment of a position which has cost much money and many precious lives. Old Indians, "who ought to know," shake their heads, and say we shall have to go back again. But old Indians, even of the most knowing breed, are sometimes wrong in their vaticinations, and so we will hope for the best. The best, of course, will be that Abdul Rahman should prove himself such a strong man that no other strong man shall be able to oust him from his possessions. But still more painful feelings are aroused by the

abandonment of the Transvaal. In this case the solemn determination of our Government was reconquest, and they did not swerve from their purpose until we had suffered several galling reverses. Then they threw up the sponge, and bade the Boers haul down the British flag. If the Boers alone were to be considered, we need not grudge them their independence, or, with our vast colonial empire, lament the loss of a large territory. But it is hard not to feel aggrieved when we find, as one result of the Boer triumph, that the colonists of British origin are quitting the Transvaal because they cannot live in security now that the Boers are masters; and as another result, that the natives, who are twenty times as numerous as the whites, are equally disheartened and alarmed, now that the guarantees of liberty and impartial justice afforded by British supremacy are withdrawn. If another native war should break out, the Boers may find themselves as hardly pressed as they were four years ago by Secococeni.

HAS HELLENISM FAILED?—*The Times* printed a remarkable letter the other day from a correspondent in Athens, who contended that a death-blow had been given to "Hellenism" by the acquiescence of the Greek Government in the latest decision of the Powers. He admitted that the Greeks might have a great future by helping to elevate the races among whom they are dispersed; but as for the idea that they can ever become a strong nation, that, he thought, had been disproved by their tame submission to a compromise which they detest. This is, for the moment, a common feeling among the Greeks themselves; but to observers at a distance it does not seem to have much foundation. The correspondent holds that if Greece had decided to fight she would have had the sympathy of all Europe, and would have gained her end. This, however, is not quite certain. Mere sympathy would have done little for her; and it is premature to feel confident that the Porte, even after all its recent misfortunes, would be unable to repel attack. If Greece is really prepared to content herself with the frontier on which the Powers have agreed, she has given the best possible proof of her fitness for a high position. That Turkey is decaying, nobody who studies the Eastern Question impartially can doubt; and when the time comes for further change, the Hellenic Kingdom will be all the better able to take advantage of its opportunities if it does not waste its strength at the present stage. Unfortunately, it is still a question whether it will be permitted to enter quietly into possession of the territory which Europe wishes to make over to it. Turkey has been manifesting a disposition to insist on conditions which could not be accepted, and, unless the Powers are able to bend her will, the capacities of "Hellenism" may even yet be put to the test of war.

THE DAY CENSUS IN THE CITY.—It is not unnatural that the authorities of the City of London, whose domains loom so large in the eyes of foreigners, though in reality they form but a small nucleus in the metropolitan wilderness of bricks-and-mortar, should desire that their population should be reckoned on the basis of those who work in the City, and not of those merely who sleep in the City. Every ten years it is found that the number of persons who absolutely live in the City steadily diminishes. Not only have the merchants and shopkeepers retired to suburbs, more or less distant, but the poor have been extensively thrust out by the making of new streets and the creation of railway terminuses. In fact, if we deduct the transient population of the City hotels, very few people sleep in the City of their own free will. A large part of those who still court Morpheus within the ancient civic frontiers are bank clerks, Manchester warehousemen, housekeepers, and caretakers. But everybody knows that an enormous population flows into the City in the morning and ebbs away again in the evening. It is this moving multitude that the authorities are now trying to count. The task will evidently be one of some difficulty, and the result will probably be only an approximation to the truth. Thousands who come daily into the City have no local stand-point there. They do their business, such as it is, in a peripatetic fashion. Others, again, serve more than one master, and may chance to be counted two or three times over. Still, the experiment is interesting, and, independent of mere statistics, some details may be furnished as to the manner in which various persons gain a livelihood which may prove beneficial, if perchance they serve to alleviate the hard lot which many are silently enduring.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD—ARRIVAL OF THE PROCESSION AT THE VAULT."—*The Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the Paper, must be placed for binding between pages 428 and 437.*

THE NEW VOLUME
(No. XXII.) OF

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APRIL 30, 1881



LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, May 2nd, 4th, and 6th, at 8 o'clock, OTHELLO, Othello, Mr. Booth; Iago, Mr. Irving; Desdemona, Miss Ellen Terry. On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, May 3rd, 5th, and 7th, at 7.45, THE CUP and THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM. Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry.

SANGER'S AMPHITHEATRE.—MOHAWK MINSTRELS, Monday Next, May 2nd, and Every Evening at 8, for five weeks only. The celebrated MOHAWK MINSTRELS from the Agricultural Hall. The Best Minstrel Entertainment in the World. Entire Change of Programme every Monday. Prices from 6d. to 5 guineas. E. MOWBRAY, Manager.

UNDER THE SPECIAL PATRONAGE OF
Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.
H.R.H. the Prince of WALES.
H.R.H. the Princess of WALES.
H.R.H. the Duke of EDINBURGH, K.G.
H.R.H. the Duchess of EDINBURGH.
MR. SIMS REEVES will take his FAREWELL in ORATORIO, at the ROYAL ALBERT HALL, on WEDNESDAY EVENINGS, May 4, 18, 25; June 15, 22, 29; and SATURDAY AFTERNOON, July 9.

MR. SIMS REEVES FAREWELL ORATORIOS.
CONDUCTOR, MR. BARNBY.
SECOND CONCERT, WEDNESDAY, May 4, at Eight.
CREATION (Parts I. and II.) and HYMN OF PRAISE.
MADAME ALBANI.
MISS ANNA WILLIAMS,
MR. EDWARD LLOYD,
MR. SANTLEY,
MR. SIMS REEVES, and the

ROYAL ALBERT HALL CHORAL SOCIETY (Orchestra and Chorus 1,000). Organist, Dr. Stainer. Prices:—Stalls, 15s.; arena, 10s. 6d.; balcony, 6s. and 4s. Admission, 1s. Tickets of the usual agents; Austin's Office, St. James's Hall; and at the Royal Albert Hall.

GRAND GERMAN OPERA SEASON.
HERR HERMANN FRANKE has the honour to announce a Series of
WAGNER'S OPERAS. 12 Performances in Drury Lane Theatre. (Mr. Augustus Harris, Lessee).

MAY and JUNE, 1882.
HERR HANS RICHTER will CONDUCT all the PERFORMANCES.

THE TERMS for the SERIES will be as follows:—
Boxes on the pit tier, for eight persons, 90 guineas; for four persons, 45 guineas. Boxes on the grand tier, for ten persons, 100 guineas. Boxes on the first tier, for eight persons, 75 guineas; for four persons, 40 guineas. Boxes on the second tier, for six persons, 35 guineas; for four persons, 25 guineas. Boxes on the third tier, for six persons, 35 guineas; for four persons, 25 guineas. Dress circle (reserved), each 5 guineas, which can now be secured at the office of Herr Franke, 2, Vere Street, London, W., and all the principal Agents in London. Acting Manager, Mr. N. Vent.

MASKELYNE and COOKE, Egyptian Hall, give their popular Entertainment every afternoon at 3, and on the evenings of Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8. The programme now includes the original scene, entitled "WILL, THE WITCH, AND THE WATCH," the Marvellous Cabinet illusion. Mr. Maskelyne's celebrated box feat, and the almost miraculous "Metamorphosis" of human beings.—W. MORTON, Manager.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.
A New First Piece, MANY HAPPY RETURNS, by Gilbert A. Beckett and Clement Scott. Music by Lionel Benson. A New Musical Sketch, OUR INSTITUTE, by Mr. Corney Grain, and a New Second Piece, ALL AT SEA, by Arthur Law, Music by Corney Grain. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8; Thursday and Saturday, at 3.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place. Admission 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 1s., 5s. No fees. Booking Office now open from 10 to 6.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall.—The 28th ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, by Artists of the Continental Schools (including Portraits and the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Prince Bismarck, Count Moltke, Dr. Dollinger, and other works by Franz Lenbach, is NOW OPEN. Admission 1s.

THE ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION OF HIGH-CLASS PICTURES BY BRITISH AND FOREIGN ARTISTS, including Professor Leopold Carl Muller's Picture, "An Encampment Outside Cairo," is NOW OPEN at ARTHUR TOOTH & SONS' GALLERY, 5, Haymarket. Admission One Shilling.

THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF CABINET PICTURES BY ARTISTS OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOLS is NOW OPEN at THOMAS MCGEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket (next the Theatre). Admission on presentation of address card.

SAVOY HOUSE.—GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS by the GREAT MASTERS.—"CAVE CANEM," Britton, Riviere, A.R.A. This wonderful humorous Engraving on View. "Artist's Proofs only." Catalogues post-free on application to the Manager, at the Gallery, Savoy House, 115 and 116, Strand, London, W.C.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.—SUMMER EXHIBITION. Will OPEN on MONDAY, May 2. Admission, One Shilling. Season Tickets, Five Shillings.

PALL MALL GALLERY, 48, Pall Mall.—On and after the 1st of MAY will be OPENED the EXHIBITION OF PICTURES by the Celebrated Russian Artist, AIVAZOVSKY. AIVAZOVSKY'S "COLUMBUS' SHIP IN A STORM."

AIVAZOVSKY'S "COLUMBUS' LANDING ON THE ISLAND OF SAN SALVADOR," and many other notable Paintings at the PALL MALL GALLERY, 48, Pall Mall. Admission ONE SHILLING. Fridays, 1s. 6d. Catalogues, 6d.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The FORTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now OPEN from 9 to 7. Admission 1s. Catalogue, 6d. Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, S.W. H. F. PHILLIPS, Sec.

ROSA BONHEUR'S celebrated PICTURES, ON THE ALERT, and A FORAGING PARTY, which gained for the artist the Cross of the Order of Leopold of Belgium at the Antwerp Academy, 1879. Also, the complete engraved works of Rosa Bonheur, including the well-known "Horse Fair," now on Exhibition at L. H. LEFEVRE'S GALLERY, 14, King Street, St. James's, S.W. Admission One Shilling. Ten to Five.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity,"—The Times) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD ART SCHOOLS, 7, ELM TREE ROAD, N.W.—Drawing from the Life and Antique. Painting from Model and Still Life. Students specially prepared for Royal Academy (seven successful at last Competitions). A Class for Ladies Only has been opened. Apply to A. A. CALDERON, Esq., Principal.

BRIGHTON.—PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAINS leave Victoria for Brighton every Week-day at 10.0 a.m. and 4.30 p.m., and Brighton for Victoria at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m.; also from Victoria on Sundays at 10.45 a.m., and from Brighton at 8.30 p.m.

EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria at 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY. Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m., and London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon, calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Fare—1st Class, Half-a-guinea (including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds), available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train. (By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

THE GRAPHIC GALLERY, 190, STRAND, LONDON.

TYPES OF FEMALE BEAUTY, ILLUSTRATED BY THE FOLLOWING ENGLISH AND FRENCH ARTISTS—

P. H. CALDERON, R.A.
FRANK DICKSEE, A.R.A.
ARTHUR HOPKINS.
SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A.
G. D. LESLIE, R.A.
EDWIN LONG, A.R.A.
JULES GOUPIL
(Chevalier of the Legion of Honour).
PAUL BAUDRY
(Commander of the Legion of Honour, Member of the Institut).
GUSTAVE JACQUET
(Chevalier of the Legion of Honour).

P. R. MORRIS, A.R.A.
C. E. PERUGINI.
MARCUS STONE, A.R.A.
GEORGE A. STOREY, A.R.A.
L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.
J. J. TISSOT.
HENRI LÉVY
(Chevalier of the Legion of Honour).
PIERRE AUGUSTE COT
(Chevalier of the Legion of Honour).
CAROLUS DURAN
(Officer of the Legion of Honour).

ALSO,
"DYING TO SAVE THE QUEEN'S COLOURS,"
THE DEATH OF LIEUTENANTS MELVILLE AND COGHILL, 24TH REGT.,
AN EPISODE IN THE BATTLE OF INSANDELWHANA,
Painted by Mr. C. E. FRIPP, Special Artist to "The Graphic" during the whole of the Zulu Campaign.

There is also Exhibited a choice selection of ORIGINAL WATER-COLOUR and BLACK and WHITE DRAWINGS, the Engravings from which have from time to time appeared in "THE GRAPHIC."

MILLAIS'
New Picture,
"LITTLE MISS GAMP,"
a companion to the celebrated "CHERRY RIPE," has been added.
THE GALLERY IS OPEN DAILY FROM TEN TILL SIX.
Admission, including Illustrated Catalogue, ONE SHILLING.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL, PLYMOUTH. ART AND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, 1881.

PATRONS.
SIR MASSEY LOPES, BART., M.P. CAPTAIN PRICE, R.N., M.P.
P. STEWART MACLIVER, Esq., M.P. J. H. PULESTON, Esq., M.P.

£200 IN PRIZES.
And One-Third of the Profits of the Exhibition as Supplementary Prizes.
OPENING MONDAY, MAY 23RD.

SPECIAL PRIZES.
£20 GOLD MEDAL for the best Picture painted by any Artist residing in Devon, Cornwall, Somerset, or Dorset; each Competitor being allowed to show three Pictures.
2nd Prize, Silver Medal; 3rd, Bronze.
£20 GOLD MEDAL for the best Picture exhibited. Open to all England.
£20 GOLD MEDAL for the best exhibit in the Exhibition.
N.B.—Pictures will not be eligible for this competition.
WINNERS OF THESE GOLD MEDALS WILL BE PAID IN MONEY IF PREFERRED.

100 GOLD, SILVER, and BRONZE MEDALS will be given in the following Classes:—
CLASS 1. Professional Workmanship.
CLASS 2. Amateur Productions, made by Exhibitors who follow some other trade than that to which their articles belong.
CLASS 3. Inventions and Novel Contrivances. To include both Amateur and Professional Workmanship.
CLASS 4. Models, Architectural, Mechanical, Marine, and Ornamental.
CLASS 5. Fine Arts, including Oil and Water-Colour Paintings. Open to all England.
CLASS 6. Oil and Water-Colour Paintings and Drawings. Open to Students of any recognised School of Art or Private School.
CLASS 7. Oil or Water-Colour Paintings. Open to Residents in Devon, Cornwall, Somerset, or Dorset. Each competitor will be allowed to exhibit three pictures.
CLASS 8. Carving and Fret Work. Two Classes—Amateur and Professional.
CLASS 9. Sculpture.
CLASS 10. Preserved Natural Objects.
CLASS 11. Ladies' Work of all kinds.
CLASS 12. Musical Instruments.
CLASS 13. Furniture.
CLASS 14. Painters' Graining of Wood.
CLASS 15. Photography.
CLASS 16. Bicycles, Tricycles, and Sewing Machines.
CLASS 17. China Painting.
CLASS 18. Electrical Inventions.
CLASS 19. Pen and Ink and Crayons by Amateurs.
CLASS 20. Pottery.
CLASS 21. Miscellaneous. This will include all objects not properly belonging to any of the other classes.
Further particulars may be obtained of the Secretary,
Mr. T. S. MARTIN, Plymouth.



THE FUNERAL OF LORD BEACONSFIELD

IN accordance with the ascertained wishes of the late Earl of Beaconsfield, promptly and reverently acceded to by Her Majesty the Queen, the proposal that his remains should be carried in State to Westminster Abbey, and there deposited amid the ashes of other illustrious Englishmen, was abandoned without hesitation, and the funeral which took place at Hughenden on Tuesday was as near being "strictly private" as it was possible to make the obsequies of a man for whom a whole nation was mourning. The body, after the leaden coffin had been soldered up, was removed from Curzon Street early on Sunday morning and taken by train to Hughenden, where it was placed on a wheeled bier in the drawing-room, on the walls of which hang portraits of Her Majesty the Queen and Lady Beaconsfield. The outer coffin was of brass-bound oak, and bore a brass plate with the inscription, "The Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield and Viscount Hughenden, born December 21st, 1804, died April 19th, 1881." Meanwhile, the needful preparations were made at the church and the vault, and on Tuesday an immense crowd of silent, sympathising, and mourning spectators assembled to witness the performance of the last sad rites. No fewer than 1,400 passengers were conveyed by rail from London alone, and many others travelled from Oxford, Aylesbury, and other places. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Leopold went down by special train, and reached Hughenden about 3 P.M., having lunched en route at Wycombe Abbey. Mr. Gladstone, who at the last moment found himself unable to go, sent a letter to the executors expressing his regret. Among the guests were many English statesmen and foreign Ambassadors, but no formal precedence was observed, all distinctions of rank being forgotten in the absorbing sentiment of the moment. The coffin was wheeled out into the vestibule, the white cloth removed, and then one by one the floral offerings brought or sent by friends and admirers were heaped upon it, until it presented the appearance of one huge bank of fragrant blossom. These tributes were of all manner of designs—wreaths, coronets, crosses, &c., and of the most varied character, from the simple bunch of field daisies sent by some little child, to the magnificent bouquets of camellias, eucharis, and other exotics contributed by wealthy and highborn friends. The Queen sent two wreaths, one of everlasting flowers and bay leaves, and the other of wild primroses plucked that same morning in the Isle of Wight; the latter having a card attached to it in Her Majesty's own handwriting, "His favourite flowers, from Osborne; a tribute of affection and regret from Queen Victoria." The other members of the Royal Family also sent wreaths of immortelles and fresh flowers of the most choice description. As soon as this touching and beautiful ceremony was over the funeral procession was formed in two sections, the first starting from the front porch, while the other marshalled on the lawn, wound round the gravel path under a leafy arch, and joined it in the lane beyond. First came the valet Baum, bearing upon a crimson cushion the insignia of the deceased Earl. Next followed the flower-decked coffin, which was wheeled by nine labourers from the estate. Then the chief mourners, Mr. Ralph Disraeli,

Deputy Clerk of the Parliament, and sole surviving brother of the deceased, with Master Coningsby Disraeli, his son, a youth of fourteen, who is heir to the estates; Lord Rowton, the late Earl's literary trustee; and Lord Barrington, his faithful companion during the last illness and his colleague in office; with his executors, Sir N. M. de Rothschild, M.P., and Sir Philip Rose. After the chief mourners came the three Royal Princes, and the representatives of other members of the Royal Family, with a host of Ambassadors, noblemen, and gentlemen, and finally a large body of the late Earl's tenants and domestics. The road between Hughenden Manor and the church was lined by the Buckinghamshire Volunteers in single file, and the pathway through the churchyard by the Wycombe Volunteer Fire Brigade. As the trophy-laden coffin was borne into the church and placed within the chancel rails, and as soon as the mourners were seated, Mrs. Blagden, the Vicar's wife, played on the organ Beethoven's "Funeral March of a Hero." The interior of the church was little decorated, but on the late Earl's vacant seat were placed a floral wreath and cross, and the altar was covered with a violet altar-cloth. The sublimely simple Burial Service was impressively read by the Vicar, the first part in the church, and the second at the entrance to the vault, into which the coffin was slowly passed down the sloping platform as the final sentences were uttered. The mourners then stepped forward to take a last regretful look, and the door of the vault was closed upon the coffin and the mass of flowers which covered it. The Queen's wreath of primroses was, however, hung upon the railing outside. The Prince of Wales and his brothers, the chief mourners, the executors, and a few other persons returned to Hughenden Manor to hear the will read, after which they and the other guests departed for their homes. Of our engravings it is only needful to say that those on the front page represent the late Earl's favourite outdoor haunts when he was staying at Hughenden. The terrace is on the south side of the house, and from the verandah one has a splendid view of the country towards High Wycombe. The monument to Isaac Disraeli, which was erected by the late Viscountess Beaconsfield, is situated on a hill to the south of the Manor, and, though not visible from the gardens on account of the trees, it is conspicuous from the road between Wycombe and Hughenden. It bears two inscriptions, one in memory of the Viscountess herself, and the other of the author of "The Curiosities of Literature."

THE EARTHQUAKE AT SCIO

FULLER details received from Scio show that the earthquake which devastated the island on the 2nd inst. was even more terrible in its effects than had at first been stated. The extent of the disaster may be gathered from our engravings of the ruins of the capital, which are from photographs taken on the spot by Mr. E. G. Krikorian, of Smyrna, and kindly forwarded to us by Messrs. Krikorian, of Upper Thames Street. A writer in the *Levant Herald*, who was an eye-witness of the scene, thus describes it:—"The morning dawned dull and heavy. The heavens were hidden by thick mist, clotted here and there with dark blotches of cloud. The temperature was heavy and oppressive, and the horizon was broken by broad flashes of light, that seemed to denote a coming storm. In all this atmospheric disturbance, however, the inhabitants saw nothing extraordinary, and were far from being alarmed by what they fancied would result in a thunderstorm. At ten minutes to two in the afternoon a terrific shock was felt, bringing three-fourths of the houses in the town to the ground like so many packs of cards, and burying 1,000 persons under the falling ruins. Then commenced a fearful scene of horror; the ground rocked and danced, kneading the ruin already formed into an irreconizable mass of stone. The survivors ran hither and thither, not knowing where to flee to escape the horrible fate that menaced them, and were tossed and flung about by the heaving earth like feathers in a breeze. On every side the sinister grumbings of the earth, the noise of falling buildings, the tearing asunder of the walls of houses, and the shrieks of the wounded lent a fearful horror to the scene. The unhappy inhabitants rushed aimlessly from place to place, not knowing whither to direct their flight. Even those who gained the open country were by no means safe. The earthquake attacked not only the towns and villages, but worked its ravages in the hills and mountains of the island. Enormous masses of rock and earth came rushing down the hill sides, carrying all before them, bounding far into the plains, and tearing a road in the solid rocks of the mountain, such as might have been formed by a torrent 1,000 years old. The town presented a pitiable spectacle. In many places whole streets had disappeared, and it was hard to say where different well-known buildings had stood." . . . "The aspect of the plain of Vounaki is heartrending. Between 40,000 and 50,000 persons of all ages and both sexes are camped here and there in the open ground. There are as yet but few tents to shelter them, and old and young, sick and well, and dead men in some places, are scattered indiscriminately about the place. Parents wander from group to group in the crowd, seeking their children, and endeavouring to persuade themselves that their darlings will be found among the living. Not a single baking-house in the whole island is left standing, and the entire population was without food until aid could arrive from the exterior. What a fearful night was that of the 3rd! Thousands of people were huddled together in the plain, without lights or food, expecting every moment would be their last." Mr. Krikorian writes:—"I went over a good many places, and witnessed awful scenes. I could distinctly hear human voices beneath the ruins crying for help, and yet nobody could do anything towards assisting the poor creatures. I have come across several persons who have escaped with their lives, but have been rendered speechless from fright, while others have lost their reason."

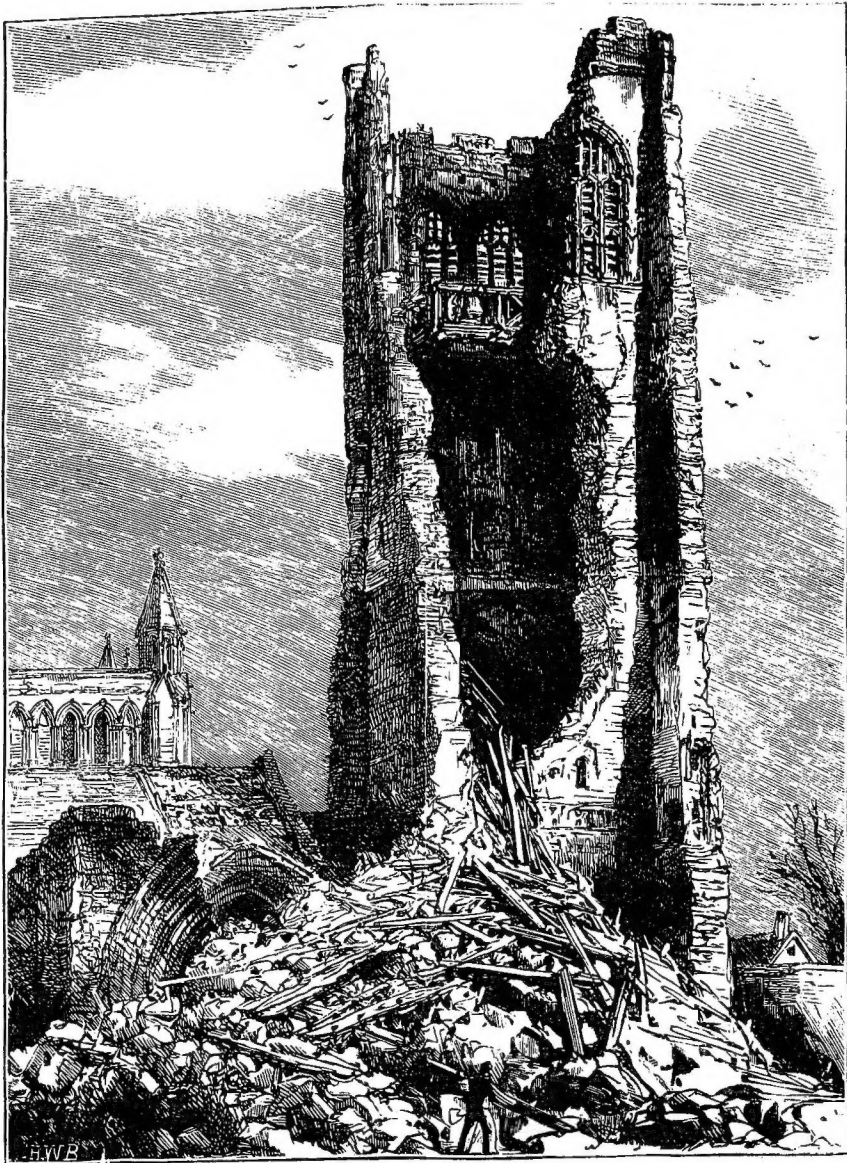
FALL OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH TOWER, CHESTER

DURING the night of Thursday, the 14th, and about 4 A.M. on Good Friday, the 15th of April, the inhabitants of that part of Chester near the ancient Church of St. John were roused by the crash of falling masonry and the clangour of bells. It presently appeared that half of the church tower, which rises to a height of 150 feet, had fallen, and with it had come down several of the bells. The rigours of the late winter had caused a crack, which for long had extended from the summit to the base of the tower, to open more widely, and the authorities of the church had taken steps to repair it. These precautions came too late, however, and the north side of the tower was pronounced to be unsafe only a few days before the accident. Fortunately no lives were lost, no one being below at the time, and the body of the church was only slightly injured, as the tower was isolated from it, but the very massive and beautiful Early English porch, one of the chief ornaments of the church, was entirely destroyed.

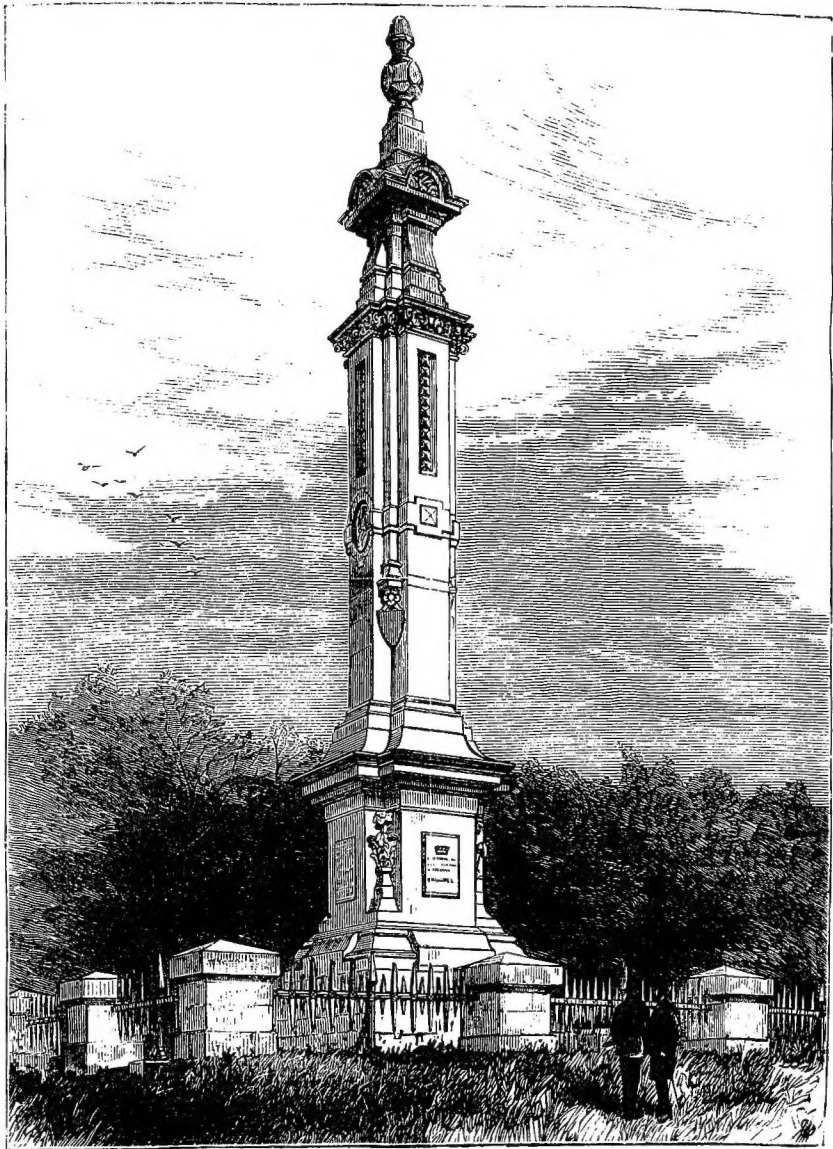
St. John's is said to have been founded by King Ethelred in the seventh century, and it is known to have been the Cathedral Church of the City from the eleventh to the sixteenth century. Portions of the tower fell in 1572 and 1574, doing great damage to the body of the church. The present tower must have been built after that time. In it was a peal of eight bells, the most melodious in the city, but they had not been rung for some years on account of the oscillation of the tower. They were, however, chimed or rung by the clapper.—Our engraving is from a drawing by Mr. Alfred Sumner, of Chester.

A SMALL WAR IN ARABIA

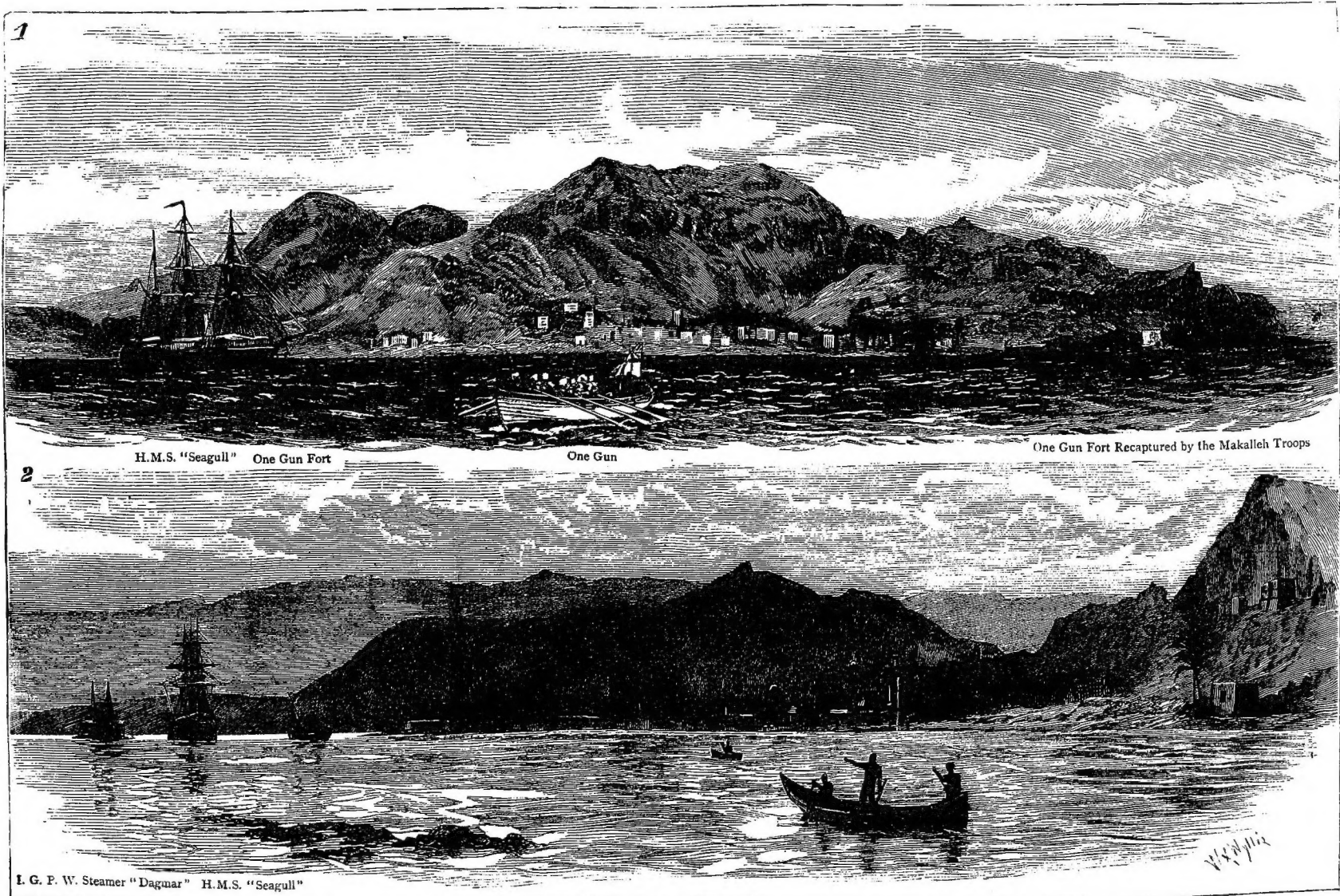
FEW of our readers probably are aware that a small war has been waging for some time on the south coast of Arabia, of sufficient importance to demand the presence of a British man-of-war, which



THE FALL OF THE TOWER OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, CHESTER—THE RUINS



MONUMENT TO ISAAC D'ISRAELI, THE FATHER OF THE LATE EARL OF BEAONSFIELD, ERECTED BY THE LATE VISCOUNTESS BEAONSFIELD



H.M.S. "Seagull" One Gun Fort

One Gun

One Gun Fort Recaptured by the Makalleh Troops

I. G. F. W. Steamer "Dagmar" H.M.S. "Seagull"

1, The Town of Makalleh, Residence of the Nakeeb.—2. H.M.S. "Seagull" Blockading Bander Burum, Captured from the Nakeeb Makalleh by the Jemadar of Shehr.

THE LITTLE WAR ON THE ARABIAN COAST



MEDICAL MISSIONS IN CHINA — THE NEW CHINESE HOSPITAL AT TIENTSIN



THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD — THE SERVICE IN HUGHENDEN CHURCH

elected members might either take the oath or make affirmation as they pleased. Mr. Gladstone intimated that such facilities might be found in the establishment of morning sittings. But no definite arrangement was arrived at when, after occupying nearly the whole of the afternoon, the motion for the adjournment of the House was withdrawn, and the subject dropped.



To the list of American actors who have successfully made their appearance of late in London must now be added Mr. John McCullough, a tragedian of some renown in the United States, who presented himself to an English audience for the first time on the stage of DRURY LANE Theatre on Monday evening. On first nights of this kind American residents in London are accustomed to muster in considerable numbers, and the present occasion was no exception to the rule. Nor are English playgoers wont to be behindhand in giving a generous reception to a performer who, though a stranger, comes with a reputation gained in other countries. Accordingly the vast circuit of Drury Lane—that old house of dramatic memories—presented on Monday evening a very animated appearance, and nothing could have been more gratifying to the feelings of Mr. McCullough's friends than the welcome accorded to this distinguished performer. The piece selected for the occasion was Sheridan Knowles's *Virginus*, which, originally produced by Macready in 1820, when its author was comparatively unknown to fame, furnished that celebrated actor with one of the most congenial and most successful of his long range of impersonations. It had not been played for some years in England, with the exception of occasional revivals at suburban houses. The play is stigmatised in Genest's "History of the Stage" as "dull," and if an eminent example of dulness perforce be a judge of that undesirable quality, the opinion of the old Bath clergyman, who spent his life in compiling that useful but ponderous and depressing work, must be held to be conclusive. But the truth is that Mr. Genest's verdicts, though they seem to be rather readily adopted just now in some quarters, are the least trustworthy features of his ten large volumes. Of the value of his critical comments some notion may be formed from his solemn reproach against the author of this play, that he has been guilty of the "solecism" of making a Roman Decemvir speak of himself in the first person plural—a dignified style, the critic learnedly observes, wholly unknown to the Romans, though it would have been hardly less to the point to remark that the author has made all his personages speak English, a tongue actually not in existence at the period of the classic story, which we derive from the pages of Livy and Dionysius of Halicarnassus. If the support of opinions is needed on this point it would be safer to trust to the tribute paid to the author by Macready, an experienced and a great actor, and moreover a man of fine and cultivated taste, who says in his "Reminiscences," "So long as we have a stage, and actors capable of representing the best feelings of our nature, so long will the pathos, the poetry, and the passion of *Virginus* command the tears and applause of an audience."

The truth is that *Virginus* is a very fine play. Its simple story is told with steady regard to the central point of interest; its action moves onward with that cumulative interest which is the crowning quality of good dramatic work; and its dialogue, though graced with many a poetical image, is the true language of passion—simple, direct, forcible, and appropriate to the situation. In the part of the Roman father, who stabs his beloved daughter in the Forum as the only course left to save her from dishonour at the hands of the profligate Decemvir Appius Claudius, Mr. McCullough is understood to have given much satisfaction to his American admirers; and, though he is stated to be much applauded in comedy as well as in tragic parts, it may be assumed that he regards this character as exhibiting him at his best. He is not an actor of any remarkable natural dignity of presence, nor is his countenance of the classic cast; but he has a fine, rich voice, and is a careful—indeed, almost too careful—elocutionist. As the action proceeded, the favourable impression which he had soon begun to make increased; and long before the fall of the curtain it was felt that he is an actor of genuine power. Contrary to some reports that had reached us, he does not delight in violent displays. On the contrary, moderation and self-restraint are the characteristics of his style, until fitting occasion arises for passionate outbursts or strong pathetic expression. His manly pleading before the Decemvir, and his tenderness in this scene towards his daughter whom he is about to sacrifice, moved the audience visibly, as did the wild excitement of his exit. The best part of the performance, however, was in the last act, wherein he pleads to Appius to restore his child, oblivious—for his reason has given way under the mental strain—of all the horrors of his fatal act, and unconscious of the fact that the tyrant, now disgraced and condemned, is a tenant, not of a palace, but a dungeon. The rude, picturesque energy with which he assails his oppressor when a returning gleam of reason brings back to the recollection of the past, and when he strangles him then and there with his own hands, was remarkably impressive. The play has been revived with elaborate provision of scenery, carefully and effectively painted by Mr. Julian Hicks and Mr. Emden. Mr. McCullough is in some respects well supported. Though Miss Lydia Cowell wants power for so large a house, her *Virginia* is very sweet, innocent, and pleasing; and in Mrs. Arthur Stirling we have a *Servia* who can both act with grace and dignity, and deliver the author's verse with admirable art. Mr. Barnes is a gentleman habitually too blithe and pleasant of manner to give effect to the designing arts of the wicked Decemvir; and, so far, the situation loses the impress of reality. Mr. Ryder's *Dentatus*, Mr. Gibson's *Numitorius*, and the *Illius* of Mr. Augustus Harris could hardly be improved. The new actor was called before the curtain again and again, and the performance concluded with every token of success.

The death of Lord Beaconsfield has reminded one writer that the distinguished statesman and novelist contributed a play to the stage. His tragedy, called *Alarcos*, originally published in pamphlet form in 1838, was played at Astley's Theatre eleven or twelve years ago, and was revived with the noble author's consent about three years' since at the afternoon performances at the Crystal Palace. The play, which is founded upon an ancient Spanish ballad, presents a rather sombre story of wretchedness and suffering; but it was not without power to move the imagination. It was on the occasion of the revival very well received.

A new three-act comedy by Mr. G. R. Sims, entitled *The Member for Slocum*, is in preparation at the ROYALTY Theatre. The spectacular melodrama entitled *The World* has been transferred from DRURY LANE to the SURREY Theatre, where it is represented with all the spectacular effects by the original company.

AT THE CANTERBURY THEATRE OF VARIETIES the *pièce de résistance* is now a spectacular entertainment entitled "Marmion, or the Flodden Field," in which the contending armies are represented by about 300 children, admirably trained, and picturesquely dressed in the distinctive costumes of the various Scottish clans, or in suits of mail the *fac-simile* of those worn by the English troops of the period. The spectacle is brilliant and

stirring, and includes a moving panorama, illustrative of Marmion's progress, with his escort to Flodden Field; and an elaborate ballet which is supposed to form part of the revels at Holyrood Palace.



THE TURF.—The Epsom Spring Meeting, which is a kind of miniature edition of that of the summer, as regards its holiday aspect, commenced on Tuesday, a day much to be remembered on Epsom Downs for its surprisingly wretched weather, which, however, was so far April-like that the sun shone brightly between the downfalls of rain, sleet, and hail, accompanied with thunder and lightning. The threatening look of the skies and lowness of the temperature had a marked effect on the general attendance, while the funeral of the Earl of Beaconsfield kept away many aristocratic supporters of the meeting. The sport itself, too, was below the average, the fields ruling weak. Only three could be found to do battle in the Trial Stakes, for which the favourite, the uncertain Misenus, was beaten by the French colt Creancier. Nimble, a well-tried youngster, beat five competitors for the Maiden Plate, but Lord Rosebery's Zara colt, who ran second, will probably make the best racehorse. A fair field of fifteen came to the post for the Great Surrey Handicap, and considering the recent running of Eastern Empress with Enone at Northampton, it was a wonder she was not made first favourite instead of Veto. The race was a good one, old Hackthorpe, as fresh and good looking as ever, at one time showing a bold front, but he failed to stay. Chevernel, with his one eye, was in excellent fettle, and made a good rush at the finish, but failed to catch Eastern Empress, who won by a length. The favourite was nowhere. The once popular Metropolitan made no advance towards recovering its lost honours, as only eight runners contested the long-distance handicap, and none of these horses of distinction, with the exception of Lord Falmouth's Apollo, who for the first time ran in a handicap. Brown Bess, the winner, a five year old, with 6 st. 8 lbs. on her back, is but a sorry specimen of a race horse, and she has seldom scored a victory out of almost numberless attempts. The Two-Year-Old Westminster Stakes fell to the dark Jubilee, a smart filly, who beat Corky and two others. The Wednesday was a pleasant day enough, and the large number of persons, high and low, who made their way to Epsom gave the Downs almost the appearance of a Derby Day. Prestonpans and Buchanan, the Lincoln Handicap winner, maintained their positions at the head of the City and Suburban market, but at the last Prestonpans was most fancied, and started at 7 to 2 in a good field of 24. Peter at 8 to 1 was next in demand, and then Ambassador, who was said to be in her two-year-old form, and likely to win the handicap for Lord Falmouth. During the greater part of the race Post Obit, Lancaster Bowman, Foxhall, and Ambassador were very conspicuous, but the latter was beaten at the Bell, and Prestonpans here fell away. Bend Or and Foxhall then challenged Post Obit, who was still leading, and the superior stride of the last Derby winner soon told its tale, and Bend Or came in first rather easily by a length, the American, Foxhall, being second, and Post Obit gaining the same position as he did at Lincoln. The result of the race is satisfactory to those who love to see a good horse win a big race with a heavy weight. Bend Or, a four-year-old, carried 9 st., and thus rivalled the feat of Master Kildare last year, who as a five-year-old carried 2 lbs. more. Peter, a five-year-old, on Tuesday carried the same weight as Master Kildare, but he got no nearer than sixth. Henry George, the Lincoln disappointment, got home just before him. Bend Or's performance was a very good one, and shows him returned to something like his old form, from which he had fallen last autumn. Robert the Devil was handicapped for the Epsom race at 9 st. 7 lb., and his owner declined to accept for him, but he certainly showed himself a 7 lbs. better horse than Bend Or on the occasions when he met him towards the close of the last racing season. F. Archer rode Bend Or on Wednesday, and thus won his third City and Suburban in succession. He has now won the race five times in six years, and it seems that his fearless manner of coming round the much-dreaded Tattenham Corner has had much to do with his wonderful success. The important Two-Year-Old Hyde Park Plate was but an exercise gallop for Sir G. Chetwynd's Comely; and Chevernel did better than on the previous day, winning the Stamford Plate from ten others.—St. Louis has been deposed from his pride of place in the Two Thousand Guineas, and Scobell reigns in his stead at 6 to 1, while Bal Gal seems gradually dropping away. Scobell is also first favourite for the Derby.

CRICKET.—No great advance has been made in this game yet; but a bit of most remarkable scoring has already been put on record. A small Bristol Club called the "James Thorne" has had the temerity to play Thornbury, for which club some Gloucester celebrities handled the willow. The "James Thorne" could only put together 42; while for Thornbury Mr. E. M. Grace scored 228, Mr. W. G. Grace 196 (not out), and Mr. J. Cranston 174 (not out); the total for the loss of three wickets being 674. We note that a Mr. G. H. Grace was among the Thornbury players.—From Oxford we learn that of last year's Eleven no less than eight are eligible for playing again. There are several very promising freshmen, of whom there can be no doubt Mr. M. C. Kemp, last year's Harrow Captain, and prince of young wicket-keepers, will be chosen to fill one of the vacancies.—The Surrey Club we are glad to find financially prosperous, enabling it to make several improvements at the Oval, where for some days past "colts" from different parts of the county have been undergoing the process of testing in practice matches.

PEDESTRIANISM.—Those old opponents and celebrated "walkists," A. Hancock and H. Thatcher, met on Monday last at Little Bridge to run ten miles. The former was made a hot favourite, and beat his opponent easily enough by 580 yards, his time being 58 min. 55 sec.

BICYCLING.—The Surrey Bicycle Club will hold its annual spring meeting on Saturday, the 27th, at the Oval. The programme will comprise a One Mile Strangers' Race, Two Miles' Club Handicap, and a Ten Miles' Scratch Race for a fifty-guinea cup, for which it is expected that most of the best known ten-milers will start.

QUOITS.—Final arrangements were made at a recent meeting at Middlesbrough for the formation of an "Association of Amateur Quoits Clubs of the North of England." Delegates were present from nearly all the important clubs of Northumberland, Durham, and the North Riding of Yorkshire. One object in view is to draw up a code of rules for the guidance of players. This example might, we think, with advantage be followed in the South. This old and capital pastime is well worth a substantial revival.

RACQUETS.—The final tie in the Public Schools Annual Racquet Competition was played on Wednesday between Marlborough and Harrow, the latter winning, and for the second time absolutely securing the trophy. One of the Harrow pair was A. F. Kemp, who bowled so well for his school against Eton last year. He is the third brother who has in succession played for Harrow in the Racquet matches, and comes of a family of good all-round athletes, who are all more or less adepts at our various sports and pastimes.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS

It is announced that the Institute will before long leave the premises in Pall Mall which it has occupied for nearly half a century, and that its exhibitions will be held in a spacious Gallery about to be erected opposite Burlington House by the "Piccadilly Art Gallery Company." When this project is carried out it will no longer retain its exclusive character; its exhibitions will be thrown open to all artists, subject of course to selection on the principle of the Royal Academy. The change seems to us in every way desirable; while it will enable the large and constantly increasing body of able water-colour painters unconnected with either of the existing Societies to place their works advantageously before the public, the infusion of fresh talent will add to the attractiveness of the Institute's exhibitions.

The present display, like those of recent years, is somewhat deficient in important figure compositions, but some of the most accomplished painters in this department send small but excellent examples of their art. Mr. E. J. Gregory's keen perception of the expressiveness of unconscious gesture is admirably exemplified in "Last Touches," in which an artist is seen leaning back in his chair, and looking at his own work with a critical and rather dissatisfied air. The fact that he holds his pencil in his left hand and his palette in his right gives the work an awkward appearance, but in all other respects it is entitled to the highest praise. In general harmony of colour, in correct and expressive draughtsmanship and mastery of execution, it excels any of the painter's previous works. Mr. J. D. Linton's two small half-length figures, "Amy Robsart" and "Janet Foster," besides being admirable realisations of the respective characters, are interesting for their fine artistic qualities. In both the heads and hands are admirably modelled, and the masses of drapery most skilfully disposed. Mr. John Tenniel sends a humorous little picture of "Gil Blas Arrayed in Blue Velvet." The perfect self-satisfaction with which the young adventurer regards himself in the glass is most felicitously expressed, and his figure, it is needless to say, is designed with perfect skill and knowledge. "Labour is Worship" is the title of a picture by Mr. C. J. Staniland, representing a party of white-robed monks in a forest, all, save the portly Superior, laden with bundles of wood. There are certain crudities of style in the work, but the figures are distinctly individual in character, natural in their movements, and skilfully grouped. The only contribution of Mr. C. Green, "Behind Time," is humorously suggestive, and is remarkable besides for its delicate harmony of colour, and broad but finished workmanship. An old beau of the last century, attired with fastidious care, is here seen on a garden seat impatiently looking at his watch. Not only his face but the attitude of his figure is expressive of vexation and impatience.

H.I.H. the Crown Princess of Germany is again among the exhibitors. Her drawing, to which no title is attached, represents a swarthy-looking man, with strongly-marked features, in mediaeval attire. The head is characteristic, broadly painted, and effective. Mr. Louis Haghe, the President of the Society, has a picture of the ceremonial order, painted many years ago, "The Christening of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales," containing many easily recognisable portraits. Mr. J. A. Houston's picture of two armed men selling richly-chased silver vessels to a Jew, "Plunder," is distinguished by careful workmanship and elaborate completeness of detail, but it wants vitality. There is no significance in the gestures of the figures, and little or no expression in their heads.

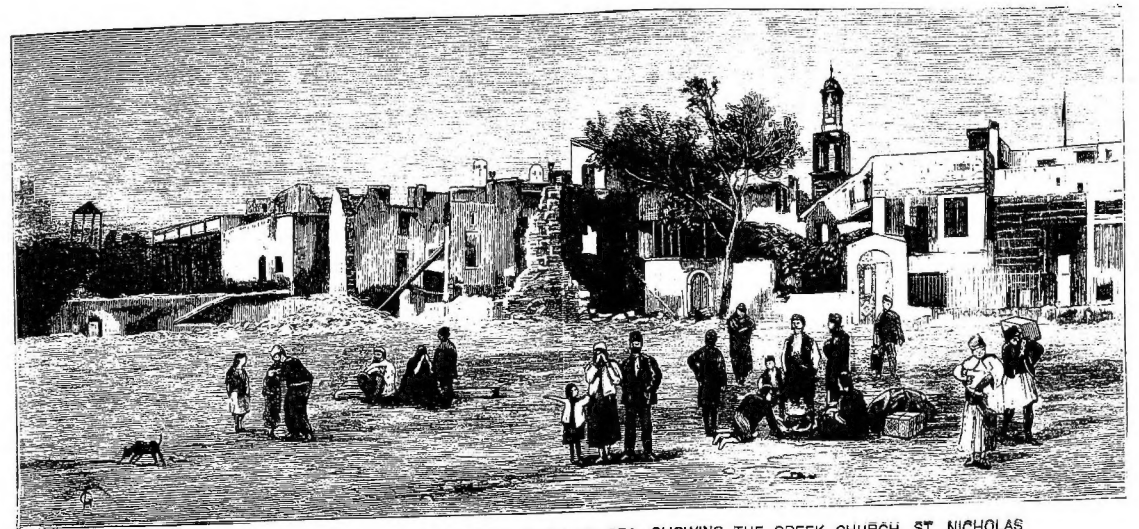
Mr. E. Bale sends a gracefully treated half-length portrait of a young lady in walking attire, "Genevieve." There are some excellent qualities, including grace of movement and vivacity of expression, in Mr. T. Walter Wilson's full-length of a young lady reading "The Latest Novel," but it is greatly injured by the very incorrect perspective of the table and floor, which gives a curiously distorted appearance to the picture. In Mr. Guido Bach's "Pastoral Symphony" the figures are characteristic and well grouped; and there is a great deal of natural unsophisticated beauty in Mr. H. Carter's rustic French interior, "Qui est Ce?"

Among the landscapes, the largest, and one of the best, is Mr. J. Aumonier's "Chelsea from Battersea Park." The warm glow of evening light on the distant buildings, partially obscured by mist, is most truthfully rendered; the numerous figures which animate the scene are artistically introduced, and in perfect keeping with the other elements of the work. Mr. J. Fulleylove exhibits several small Italian garden scenes remarkable for their truth of local character and rich harmony of colour. "San Gimignano" and "In the Boboli Gardens" are especially good examples of his work, having apparently been painted directly from nature. In every way they seem to us superior to his large scenic and somewhat artificial composition from "The Ring Given to Venus." Mr. R. K. Penson has an admirable picture, "Pathway Across a Marsh," melancholy in sentiment, like all his works, and full of the most subtle modulations of tone. Mr. H. G. Hine's "Mount Harry, near Lewis," showing a wide expanse of diversified country, is an excellent example of his style, very luminous in tone, and highly finished without over-elaboration. By Mr. J. Syer there is a firmly-painted and truthful view, "On the Lledwr, North Wales," and by Mr. T. Collier a sketch from nature, "Carting Gravel," painted with extraordinary vigour, and strikingly suggestive of nature. Among many excellent landscapes of small size are "Haughton, Northumberland," by Mr. J. Orrock; "Old Eastbourne," by Mr. Harry Hine; "The Ford near Criccieth," and several other drawings, all suggestive of light and movement, by Mr. E. M. Wimperis; and a brilliantly sunny study of cattle, "Bexhill, Sussex," by the late F. J. Skill.

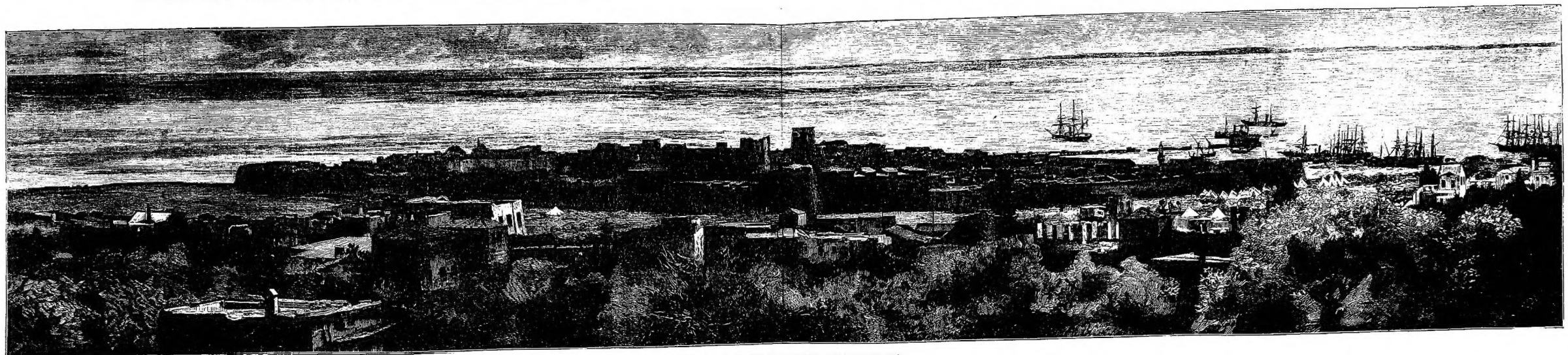
POLICE COURTS AND THE PUBLIC.—It may not be generally known that amongst the free exhibitions and entertainments for the people should be reckoned the Metropolitan Police Courts. Every morning before ten o'clock, the time when the popular performance commences, the entrance to the part apportioned to the public is besieged by much such a mob, on a small scale of course, as that which swarms about the as yet unopened gallery door of a cheap theatre. When the inner bolt is slipped there ensues a crushing and striving such as even the policeman on duty can scarce control, for nearly all those who struggle for admittance are of the "loafer" class—the pick and flower of the back-street population of the locality. Perhaps it is on this account, and in order to discourage a "full house," that the provision for an open Court is purposely made as uncomfortable as possible. With one or two exceptions the space set apart for the public is not more than half-a-dozen times larger than the prisoner's dock, and not so convenient, since in the latter there is generally a stool or a form, whereas the former affords only standing room, those who occupy it being so closely wedged together that anything in the way of head-gear less compressible than a soft cloth cap must, as the owner holds it in his hands, be crushed flat as a pancake. As regards the majority of the tribunals in question, it is a mere mockery to pretend that they are accessible during business hours to any one. At such Courts as Worship Street or Clerkenwell the accommodation is not sufficient by half for the regular attendance of riff-raff even; and should a respectable person contrive to squeeze in with the first mob, he would soon be glad to escape from such unsavoury company. It may be difficult to alter this satisfactorily until, as in Bow Street, new Courts are built in place of the old; but a little more care and discretion on the part of the door-keepers would be of some service.



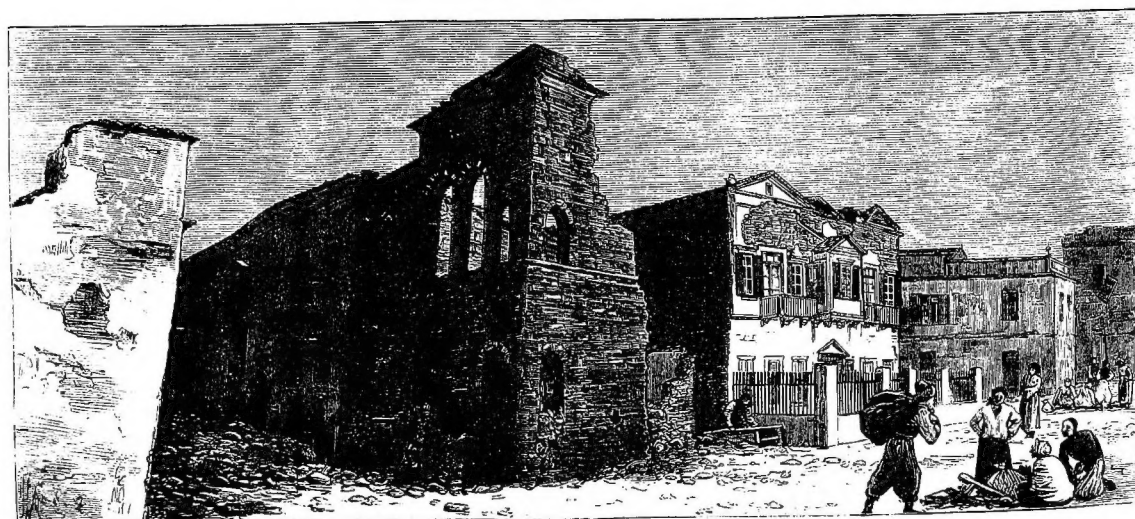
THE INHABITANTS WAITING FOR THE TENTS BEING ERECTED BY THE FRENCH SAILORS



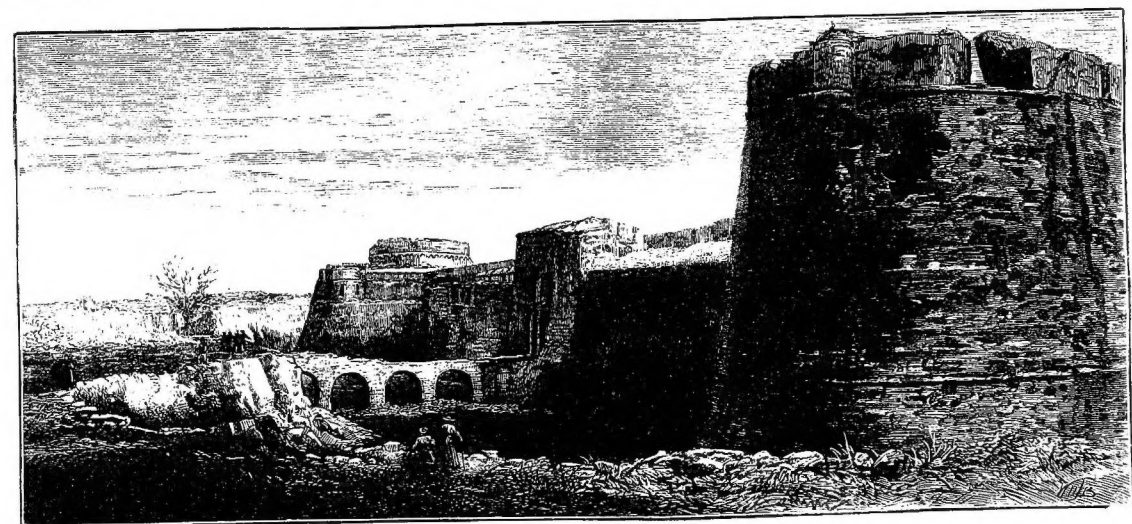
THE RUINS OF SCIO FACING THE FORTIFICATIONS AND THE SEA, SHOWING THE GREEK CHURCH, ST. NICHOLAS



GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN AND HARBOUR



RUINS OF ENGREMORE STREET



THE WESTERN PORTION OF THE FORTIFICATIONS

THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE AT SCIO—VIEWS IN THE TOWN OF SCIO AFTER THE DISASTER



AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—Both Greece and Turkey have delayed answering the last Collective Note of the Powers as long as possible. Greece, having seen her Circular promptly interpreted into an unequivocal acceptance of the Porte's terms, has shown a disposition to hark back, and there has been a good deal of talk about certain "reservations," while M. Coumoudouros has been taken to task by some of his colleagues, who assert that the answer to the Powers' first Note was not couched in the terms agreed upon by the whole Council. Thus the Minister of War, M. Mavromichaelis, has resigned, but this event is generally looked upon as an omen favourable to a peaceful solution. Turkey also has delayed her answer, for she has her misgivings at the attitude of Greece, and has been by no means anxious to commit herself overmuch, more particularly as her object in ceding the territory was to secure a permanent settlement of the Greek claims. This would certainly not be effected by the admission of any reservations which could only serve to keep the whole agitation alive. By the last accounts, however, the Greeks appear wisely to have determined to formally accept the new frontier, while, in consequence, the Porte's reply is expected to be of an equally satisfactory character. Indeed, to bring both parties to reason, and to force upon them a solution of the difficulty which each regards with an eminently unfavourable eye, has been found by the Powers, as indeed had been expected, a most difficult and thankless task. This time, however, it must be confessed that the chief obstructionist has not been the "unspeakable Turk."

In the mean time Dervish Pasha and his troops have been utilising their leisure by fighting the Albanians, who last week engaged the Turks on the heights near Warosh, and were ultimately defeated. Dervish Pasha, who had only 10,000 troops against 15,000 Albanians, at once pushed forward into Albania proper, and occupied Pristina and the important railway defile between that town and Uskub, being well received by the population, who are stated to be wearied with the high-handed conduct of the League.

CONSTANTINOPLE has been startled by the sudden discovery of what has long been secretly believed to be the truth—namely, that Sultan Abd-ul Aziz did not commit suicide, as was gravely determined by a council of physicians, but that he was brutally murdered. Three servants of ex-Sultan Murad, one of the physicians of Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz, and a Palace Secretary have been arrested, and the three former have confessed that one of them—a professional wrestler—held the Sultan, while the others cut the veins of his arm with a pair of scissors. The crime is stated to have been instigated by Mahmoud Damad and Nouri Pasha, who have both been arrested. An inquiry is being made into the affair, but the proceedings are kept secret. The trial, however, will be conducted publicly at Constantinople.

FRANCE AND TUNIS.—The whole interest of France is now centred upon the Tunisian question. The Bey has warmly protested to the Foreign Governments against the French expedition, declaring it to be unnecessary, as his troops have already subdued the Kroumirs, and stating that, while no resistance will be offered by the troops, he will not answer for the effect which may be produced on the population at large. On this, M. Roustan, the French Consul, at once offered to land some troops at Tunis, in order to protect the European population, an offer promptly declined by the Bey. In a conversation with a correspondent of *The Times* the Bey remarked that M. Roustan had long striven to impress him with the advantages of a French Protectorate—a suggestion which he had always refused to entertain, as he considered that it would be treating his proper Suzerain, the Porte, unfairly. He expressed considerable surprise that the fact of his being a vassal of the Sultan had ever been called in question; and pointed out that no Bey had ever ascended the throne without the Sultan's investiture. He complained very bitterly of M. Roustan's conduct, and urged that he was entitled to the sympathy of England. The French, however, undeterred by protests, have pushed forward their preparations, and having been refused the requisite permission to land troops on the island of Iabarca, the captain of the *Surveillante* on Monday shelled the fort, and laid it in ruins. The fire was not answered, and the Tunisian troops appear to have escaped over the sandbanks to the mainland, so that the landing was ultimately effected without opposition. Inland also operations are being promptly carried out. General Legerot, starting from Sidi Youssef, has invested and occupied Kef (the Governor yielding just as an attack was about to be made) on his way to the Mejerdah Valley, whither General Foregemol has also gone in order to occupy Beja, on the border of the Kroumir country. General Delebecque's corps too is marching to the Oued Djenan Valley, so as to attack the Kroumirs in front. Two other brigades have succeeded in reaching the summits of the right bank of the Oued Djenan. Several engagements have occurred with the Kroumirs, who, however, were defeated with serious loss. The wire of the telegraph with Europe has been cut at Kef, so that there is now no telegraphic communication between Tunis and Europe. The French are taking every possible precaution against any disaster, and are even about to despatch 50,000 men to Algeria in the event of any of the Arab tribes taking advantage of the Tunisian difficulty to raise the standard of revolt.

In France the expedition is regarded with mixed feelings, and the press are loud in their complaints that so little news is vouchsafed to them, and that the restrictions on the correspondents virtually prohibit them from sending any important intelligence whatsoever. The Republican organs of course warmly support the expedition, though not sparing criticism of the mode in which it has been carried out, while the more Conservative journals are by no means enthusiastic about the matter, and indulge in the secret hope that the expedition will prove a fruitful source of embarrassment to the Cabinet. The latter, however, feeling that the first military venture of the Young Republic must on no account result in failure, are leaving nothing undone in order to secure complete success—at least from a military point of view. The expedition also is evidently a pet project of M. Gambetta, who appears to be behind the scenes urging the Government to energetic action. As the Bey seems so strongly opposed to the idea of a French Protectorate, he will probably be asked to sign a "Treaty of Guarantees," which will practically amount to the same thing. With regard to the vassalage question the Porte it is true has protested to the Powers, but only *pro forma*, as Turkey has quite enough on her hands just now, without taking up the championship of Tunis.

There is very little other French news. Literary circles have been saddened by the death of M. Emile de Girardin, at the age of seventy-four. The Educational Congress ended its labours on Saturday, and the Monetary Conference continues its sittings. The only dramatic novelty has been M. Pailleron's much-talked of comedy, *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie* at the Français, where it has been well received.

GERMANY.—The fiftieth anniversary of the Duke of Brunswick's accession was celebrated with great enthusiasm at Brunswick on Sunday. The Duke, who cares little for military glory, and whose habits are essentially secluded, is nevertheless highly popular with his subjects, whom he allows to do pretty much as they like; and the festivities were in no way confined to official ceremonies. The whole town was gay with flowers and

bunting, triumphal arches spanned the streets, and statues and obelisks were improvised in every direction. The usual formal congratulations were presented—amongst them being a letter from Queen Victoria, presented by Lord Amthill; a special religious service was held; and the Duke drove in a carriage drawn by six horses through the main streets of his capital. The inevitable parade of troops was held before the Duke and his guests, who included the King of Saxony, Prince Frederick Charles, and the Duke of Cambridge; and there was a gala performance at the opera, where the Burgomaster addressed the King from his box.

RUSSIA.—The popular mourning for the late Czar was suspended for the Easter holidays; but the usual official and Court receptions did not take place. A service was, however, celebrated at the Fortress Chapel, at which the Imperial Family and the Ministers attended.—The Revolutionists are as energetic as ever in denouncing the new Czar and in circulating threatening manifestoes, several fresh printing presses and Nihilist "dens" have been discovered, and numerous arrests have been made. The Empress is stated to be unwell from the constant anxiety to which she is exposed. The executioner who bungled so disgracefully when hanging the Czar's assassins has been sentenced to 250 lashes. He appears to have been drunk at the time.—Russia has now invited, by a Circular Note, all the Powers to participate in a Conference to consider the best means of dealing with the secret Revolutionists; but it is thought to be very doubtful whether the various European Governments will co-operate. Germany and Austria may possibly do so; but France, England, and Italy are scarcely likely to entertain the idea.

In **SWITZERLAND** considerable surprise has been caused by the action of the Geneva police in allowing—after three refusals—the Russian refugees in that city to post a proclamation protesting against the execution of the Czar's assassins. The Federal Council have taken up the matter, and are making a strict inquiry. The Russian Minister is stated to have asked the Swiss Government to expel some dozen refugees who are concerned in the publication of the Socialist organ, the *Révolution*.

INDIA.—The final evacuation of Candahar has been peacefully carried out, and on the 21st inst. Colonel St. John officially handed over the charge of the city to the Afghan Governor, the Union Jack being hauled down from the fort. Next morning Colonel St. John and the last of the British troops started on their return journey. There is little news from Herat save that Ayoub is by no means on such bad terms with his troops and neighbours as he evidently would have people believe, so that we shall probably hear of a projected march upon Candahar ere long. As it is doubted whether Abdurrahman will be able to hold the city against him, the Indian Government will maintain a strong force of troops in the Kojak Pass and Pishin. From Northern Afghanistan there is little news save that the arrangements with the Khyber tribes appears to be working well.

The Waziri expedition seems to be prospering. Five of the six hostile chiefs, whose surrender has been demanded, have been handed over, and the tribal representatives now themselves ask for our help in order to coerce one refractory section. General Kennedy has accordingly been instructed to undertake the necessary operations.—There is a rising amongst the Bheels in Rajputana, and two native regiments have been despatched from Ahmedabad to the scene of action.—Further figures of the recent census show that the population of the Bombay Presidency is 14,025,523, and that of Scinde 2,404,934. The approximate returns of the Central Provinces, excluding the Feudatory States, show a total of 11,098,601. Mysore shows a population of only 4,186,499 against 5,055,412 at the previous census. Rajputana is estimated at 10,881,166.

UNITED STATES.—President Garfield unveiled a statue of Admiral Farragut on Monday at Washington with considerable ceremony, the Ministers and a large assemblage of army and navy officers and men being present.—There is civil war amongst the Reading Railway authorities, where, owing to a recent law-suit, two officials claim to be President, and have set up rival offices in the Reading buildings in Fourth Street.—There is some danger of a serious complication with Spain, as the Cabinet have sent a vigorous letter to the Spanish Government maintaining the rights of American subjects in Cuba, which have been affected by the adverse decision of the Commission formed to adjust their claims.

SOUTH AFRICA.—The news hence is not highly encouraging. The Boers are now dissatisfied with the terms of peace, and declare themselves warmly opposed to any cession of territory, and a large section threaten the resumption of hostilities, unless the entire Transvaal be given up unconditionally. The Boers, too, appear to be ill-treating the natives, and a *Times* correspondent, who visited Potchefstroom, found the town almost deserted, and that street fights between the Boers and the English were frequent. Four hundred loyal residents have left Pretoria, as British protection has been withdrawn, and there is manifest apprehension throughout the country. In the mean time Sir Henry de Villiers, one of the Royal Commissioners, has gone to Newcastle to meet the Boer leaders, Messrs. Joubert, Kruger, Bok, and Jorissen, who are already there.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In **ITALY** Pope Leo XIII. has delivered a discourse to the representatives of the Pian Federation for Catholic interests, which almost exceeds in irreconcilable sentiments the most extreme utterances of Pius IX. He told his hearers that "Rome belongs to the Roman Pontiff; God destined it for the guardianship of his supreme dignity and independence, and for the free exercise of his spiritual power. For those reasons the rights which the Pontiff has over it are so sacred that no human force, no political reasons, no lapse of time, can ever destroy or even diminish and weaken them, and we upon whom it is now by Divine disposition incumbent to defend it, will assuredly with the help of Heaven never fail in the arduous task."—From **SPAIN** we hear that great preparations are being made for the Calderon festival, and that the prize for the best poem has been awarded to Dr. Edmond Dorer, of Zurich.—In **AUSTRALIA** there has been a disastrous accident to a boat of H.M.S. *Cerberus*. During torpedo practice a gig accidentally fouled the wire of the weapon, which exploded, and blew the boat to pieces, killing five men, and injuring several others.—From the **SULU ISLANDS** we learn that the late Sultan has been succeeded by his son, who has accepted the Spanish Protectorate, and recognised existing treaties with Spain.



THE QUEEN was to return to Windsor on Thursday. Princess Louise, who had been spending some time at Osborne, left on Saturday, when Prince Leopold arrived from Sandringham. Next morning Her Majesty, with the Princess Beatrice, the Duke of Edinburgh, and Prince Leopold, attended Divine Service at Whippingham Church, where Canon Prothero preached, and on Monday the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh's four children, who had been visiting the Queen during the Duchess's absence, left Osborne. Prince Leopold accompanied them on his way to Hughenden to represent Her Majesty at Lord Beaconsfield's funeral, to which the Queen sent a magnificent wreath of primroses,

the late Earl's favourite flowers, and a garland of bay-leaves and *immortelles*. Princess Beatrice also sent a wreath. Next week Her Majesty comes up to town to hold Drawing-Rooms on Tuesday and Thursday, and on May 14th the Queen will hold a Volunteer Review in Windsor Great Park. Her Majesty will shortly proceed to Balmoral, and is expected to remain in the Highlands about three weeks.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are now at Marlborough House for the season, the Princess having arrived from Sandringham on Wednesday. On Sunday the Prince and Princess with their daughters attended Divine Service at Sandringham Church, where the Rev. Teignmouth Shore preached, and on Tuesday the Prince went to Hughenden to attend Lord Beaconsfield's funeral. Accompanied by the Duke of Connaught and Prince Leopold, the Prince lunched at Wycombe Abbey with Lord Carington before proceeding to Hughenden for the funeral ceremony.—The Prince of Wales will leave in about ten days' time for Vienna, to be present at Prince Rudolph's wedding, and during his stay will probably accompany the bridal pair to Pesth, where a grand night *fête* will be organised in his honour.

The Duchess of Edinburgh is expected home from Berlin to-day (Saturday).—Princess Louise attended the evening service at Westminster Abbey on Sunday. She will start for Canada either on the 12th or 19th prox.—The Duke of Cambridge has gone to Brunswick to attend the Grand Duke's Jubilee.

The Queen of Sweden is expected at Bournemouth early next week.—Prince Rudolph of Austria has returned home. Wedding gifts are already arriving, and the Pope will send a mosaic table to the Prince, and a mosaic picture of the Madonna to the Princess, while President Grévy presents a screen in Beauvais tapestry. The Princess's wedding dress will be of cloth of silver, embroidered with sprigs of myrtle, oak and laurel, roses and orange blossoms, and the long train bordered with silver lace will be borne by four pages. For her entry into Vienna the bride will wear a pink Pompadour costume.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Madame Sembrich made her first appearance for the season on Saturday, and was greeted with a warmth the genuine nature of which could not be misunderstood. The opera chosen was *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the same in which she created so lively an impression in the summer of 1880. This impression was confirmed—strengthened, indeed—on Saturday, and Madame Sembrich's position as a dramatic singer of high rank fully established. One scene alone—that of Lucia's madness—would have sufficed to set all doubts at rest on this point; and while paying tribute here to the excellence of the singer, we cannot in fairness pass over the valuable aid she derived from the manner in which the flute *obbligato* accompaniment was played by Mr. Radcliff, instrument and voice combining as though they sprang from the same source. The result was an "encore" not to be resisted. The other characters were sustained by Signors Marini, Sante Athos, Scolara, and Corsi. The Edgardo of Signor Marini is by no means devoid of merit, but would gain considerably by a modification to some extent in that persistent dragging of the time which is this artist's besetting sin. Signor Bevigiani conducted. On Tuesday the opera was Rossini's magnificent *Guillaume Tell*, the performance of which was rendered interesting not only by the performance of that general favourite, Madame Valleria, but by the appearance of a new Arnold and a new orchestral chief. M. Mierzewsky, an Austrian Pole, by his performances at the new Grand Opera House, had already won the favour of Parisian connoisseurs, and has now convinced our own public that it was obtained it on legitimate grounds. His voice, so far as one opportunity enables us to judge, is a tenor of the brightest metallic quality, extensive in range, and made complete throughout the scale by a skilful and temperate use of the higher tones, which enables him to reach C, and even (as in the great trio of the second act) C sharp, with ease. True, he occasionally forces it, to its comparative detriment; but this is a habit which, besides being unnecessary, it is easy, with forethought and careful study, to get rid of. Avoiding details, it is enough to add that the success of M. Mierzewsky, if the continuous applause of an audience not always lavish in its manifestations of approval counts for anything, was uncontested. That he would make a striking effect in the famous battle-song "Corriam, voliam" ("Suez moi") was taken for granted; but that which pleased intelligent hearers still more was his expressive rendering of the soliloquy, "O muto asilo," almost immediately preceding it. The other leading characters were very ably supported by Madame Valleria (Mathilde), Signors Cotogni and De Reské. Cotogni's Tell is known and appreciated, and De Reské's Walter, as proved in the trio already named, and the grand finale of the "Meeting of the Cantons," left nothing to be desired. Those amateurs more or less acquainted with musical doings in the Belgian capital need scarcely be reminded that M. Dupont is a musician of more than ordinary talent, and highly esteemed in his own country; he is, indeed, a born conductor—a fact of which, in the spirit and accuracy exhibited from the overture to the end, the members of the orchestra (no bad judges) seemed thoroughly persuaded. His welcome was hearty and well-merited. The opera on Thursday was *La Sonnambula* (Madame Sembrich). To-night Madame Albani comes back to us as the Gilda of Verdi's *Rigoletto*.

OPERA COMIQUE.—*Patience*, or *Bunthorne's Bride*, produced on Monday night, before a densely crowded audience, was a success about the genuine nature of which there can be hardly two opinions. Often as Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan have wrought together they have seldom done so with happier effect. Words and music fit each other so thoroughly that they might be almost accepted as the emanation from one brain, and that brain taking a view of things quite independent of the ordinary cast of thought. When Mr. Gilbert writes verse or dialogue that would seem altogether absurd but for the assumed gravity of the actors to whom they are confided, and Mr. Sullivan invents music which might be wedded to wholly different utterances, it should not be looked upon as a mistake on the part of the musician, who rather aids than impedes the object his literary confederate has in view; and that—as Corporal Nym would say—"is the humour of it." After the lengthy notices of *Patience* which the public has been favoured by our daily contemporaries, it would be superfluous to describe the purport, much more so to unwind the plot of this new proof of its joint authors' unexhausted fecundity in a peculiar direction. That it is a satire upon a tendency in certain social circles to counterfeit what can only be counterfeited by exaggeration in ridiculous proportions, under the cloak of an enthusiasm which by a stretch of the imagination alone can be regarded as genuine, need not be told. How Mr. Gilbert has again succeeded in embodying his idea by aid of the shadowy personages with which his fancy teems, but are no more real than the images which delirium paints upon darkness, may at once be guessed by those acquainted with *The Sorcerer*, *H.M.S. Pinafore*, *The Pirates of Penzance*, &c. That, according to his generally adopted custom, he has performed his task without affording reasonable cause of offence to the most sensitive, is so much added to the credit of a burlesque inimitable in its way. The sham "æsthetic," Reginald

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Bunthorne, and the "idyllic poet," Archibald Grosvenor, represented with consummate address, the one by Mr. Grossmith, the other by Mr. Rutland Barrington, are as harmless types as could well be imagined, while the women, one and all, including the four principals, Ladies Angela, Saphir, Ella, and Jane (Misses Bond, Gwynne, Fortescue, and Barnett), the last as imposing and masculine as her three companions are feminine and shy, form a bevy of mad-cap maidens as unobtrusive as they are inviting. The Dragoons, too—Colonel Calverley, Major Murgatroyd, and Lieut. Duke of Dunstable (Messrs. Temple, Thornton, and Lely)—a sturdy set of warriors, whose affections are temporarily thwarted, now by the influence of the "fleshy" (why not robust?) poet, Bunthorne, now by that of the "idyllic" Grosvenor, but who eventually, assuming the garb and gestures of the "aesthetes," so fascinate the aesthetically-given maidens that, though not quite reaching their ideal standard, as represented at the outset by Bunthorne, are unanimously proclaimed "too all but"—harmoniously chime in with the rest; and so does the pretty milk-maid, Patience, who while not destined to be "Bunthorne's bride," becomes eventually the bride of Grosvenor, his more acceptable competitor. In Patience, charmingly portrayed by Miss Leonora Braham, we have a real touch of nature, which gives light and life to the whole. Mr. Sullivan's music is too sterlingly good to be dismissed with a bare recognition of its worth; but space compels us to defer our notice until next week. The performance, directed by the composer himself, was admirable from beginning to end; and when, after the fall of the curtain, Messrs. Sullivan and Gilbert appeared, they were enthusiastically cheered.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—The first of the Sims Reeves "Farewell Oratorio" performances drew a large concourse of amateurs to the Albert Hall on Wednesday night. The oratorio was *Judas Macabæus*. Mr. Reeves only sang in the first part; but what he did sing, viz., the fine recitative and air, "Call forth thy powers," and the solos at the end—"So will'd my father," "We come; O see," and "Haste we, my brethren," were in his best and chastest manner, the air especially being loudly applauded. In whatever else is set down for the chief tenor part, "How vain is man," and "Sound an alarm," he found an able and artistic substitute in Mr. W. H. Cummings, always welcome to the lovers of sacred music, in which he has long been thoroughly versed. The star of the evening was Madame Christine Nilsson, who, led on to the orchestral platform by Mr. Sims Reeves himself, was honoured by the greeting justly due to her merits. It must suffice to add that in the airs "Pious Orgies," "O Liberty!" (violinello obbligato, Mr. Pettit), the jubilant "From mighty Kings," and "Wise men flattering," the gifted Swedish songstress proved herself, not for the first time, a Handelian singer of the right stamp, equal to all the requirements demanded from her as simply a vocalist, while entering into the spirit of the text with an earnestness that could only be the result of strong sympathy. In each of the airs she received applause as hearty as it was unanimous. The bass music was allotted to Mr. Sanley, to hear whom, if only in the recitative and air, "The Lord worketh wonders," would have been worth a visit to Albert Hall. It must suffice to add that the other singers were Madame Trebelli, Mr. Hanson, Misses Annie Sinclair and Hoare. To name Madame Trebelli is equivalent to saying that the contralto music was sung in perfection. The orchestra and chorus left nothing to desire, the former, being strengthened, as is always the case in the "Jewish Oratorio," as it used to be styled, by a military band (that of the Coldstream Guards). Mr. Joseph Barnby conducted the performance with the readiness and authority of a practised adept.



THE LATE LORD BEACONSFIELD.—At most of the churches, both in London and the provinces, references were made from the pulpits to the death of the Earl of Beaconsfield, and to the gloom which had been cast over the nation by the loss of such a prominent and remarkable statesman. In the majority of instances the preachers passed lightly over his political and public life, and eulogised his personal character, pointing out his patience, his perseverance, his generosity and kindness to friends and dependents, his domestic affection, his devoted loyalty to the Queen, and his jealous regard for the honour of his fatherland. Canon Farrar, preaching at Westminster Abbey, reminded his hearers that Benjamin Disraeli had never failed to meet with open scorn the sneers of those who scoffed at what he deemed to be a glory, and to feel that none but a great race could have given a Jew by birth to be Prime Minister of Pharaoh 5,000 years ago, Prime Minister of Darius 2,000 years ago, and Prime Minister of England in 1879. His religious life, he added, was not a public question. He was a regular attendant at public worship, and partaker of the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ. The rest was between him and his God. Those who knew him best knew that he had no fear of death, and they believed that under his habitual reticence his feelings on religious matters were both deep and sincere.

THE CONVOCATION OF YORK met on Tuesday, under the presidency of the Archbishop, the sitting being preceded by the celebration of the Holy Communion Service. Among the motions discussed was one by the Bishop of Manchester, suggesting that a clear and distinct rule be substituted for the Ornaments Rubric, which, as it now stands in the Book of Common Prayer, is a source of frequent litigation; and another by the Archdeacon of Lindisfarne, praying for the appointment of a Committee to consider the constitutional relations between the authorities of Church and Realm, with power to meet and consult a similar Committee already appointed by the Convocation of Canterbury.

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY completed his eightieth year on Thursday, and the event was celebrated by a meeting held at the Guildhall under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, at which the venerable and philanthropic nobleman was presented with a portrait of himself, subscribed for by the members of the Ragged School Union.

THE "MAY" MEETINGS, as they still continue to be called, though of late years they have overflowed backwards into April, and forwards into June, have already commenced. Amongst those already held are those of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland, of which the Rev. H. Dowson (London) is the new President; the Baptist Bible Translation Society; the Methodist Free Church Home and Foreign Mission; the Reformatory and Refuge Union, Lord Shaftesbury presiding; the Baptist Missionary Society; the Sunday School Union; the Young Men's Christian Association; and the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT.—The *Academy* announces that the Rev. W. B. Crickmer, of Beverley, is engaged on the "Greek Testament Englished," a translation in which he proposes to give the absolute force and value of each Greek word in the corresponding English equivalent irrespective of grammatical order.

THE REV. PELHAM DALE, late of St. Vedast's, Foster Lane, has been induced by Bishop Wordsworth to the living of St. Asaph, Lincolnshire, which is worth 220*l.* a year, the population numbering

126. Archdeacon Kaye, in whose district the living is situated, resigned immediately on hearing of the appointment.

THE SYNOD OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF ENGLAND commenced its sitting at Newcastle-on-Tyne on Monday. The new Moderator is the Rev. Dr. Collingwood Bruce, a well-known antiquary. In his inaugural address he reviewed the leading events of ecclesiastical history for the past 200 years, and said that it was a hopeful sign of the times that various Denominations were now approaching each other in sentiment and in the kindly courtesies of life.

THE CROWN COURT CONGREGATION, until recently ministered to by Dr. Cumming, has invited the Rev. Donald McLeod, of Jedburgh, to become his successor. A stipend of 1,000*l.* a year, with a manse, is offered.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

THE most noteworthy scientific event of the month has been the welcome accorded by the various learned societies in this country to the great German physicist, Professor Helmholtz. To the majority of our readers Professor Helmholtz will, perhaps, be best known by his lectures on Popular Science and by his great work on "The Sensations of Tone as a Physical Basis for the Theory of Music." These have for some years been before the English public in the form of translations from the original German. Professor Helmholtz is also well known as the inventor of the Ophthalmoscope, an instrument which, by allowing the operator to view the retina of the living eye, has been of immense service in the diagnosis of obscure diseases of the sight. It is in daily use in our hospitals, and many a sufferer has reason to be thankful to its inventor.

A novel form of hot-air engine, the invention of Captain Ericsson, has recently been introduced into this country by Messrs. Thomson, Sterne and Co. It is intended more especially for private dwellings in country districts, where water for domestic use must be pumped from the ground as required. Its chief points are the following:—The air is expanded by heat at the lower part of the cylinder, and after it has done its work in raising the piston is cooled at the upper part, which is surrounded for that purpose with a water jacket. Thus the same charge of air does duty again and again, being alternately heated and cooled. The furnace—if furnace it may be called—is simply a set of Bunsen burners, which consume about 15 feet of gas per hour. The engine will raise 350 gallons per minute a height of 50 feet.

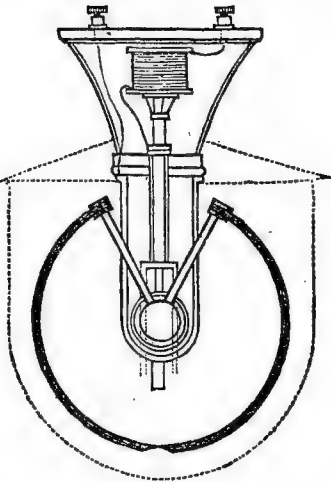
M. Janssen has recently conceived a new application of photography in the precise measurement of the amount of luminosity from different light sources. His photometer consists of a box containing a sensitive dry plate, in front of which slides a shutter, having a triangular orifice. As this opening is drawn across the surface of the plate there is recorded upon it a shaded band caused by the deposit of metallic silver. The varying opacity of this deposit furnishes data whereby the value of any light can be compared with a standard.

The new gelatino-bromide process of photography, which has rendered such a contrivance possible, is now receiving attention in another form. Hitherto the negative—or glass picture—has only benefited by it. Latterly, however, means have been found for applying the sensitised gelatine to paper, with the result that a paper proof can be obtained from a negative in the fraction of a second, instead of by the tedious operations formerly in vogue.

The general question as to the best form of electric lighting must be considered undetermined until the results of the experimental trials now being conducted in the City are published and compared. In the mean time new dynamo machines and new regulators for the carbons are constantly being contrived. Two of these latter seem to have some novel features about them, and we therefore briefly describe them.

The first is that of Mr. H. B. Joel, which reminds us somewhat of the Werdermann form of lamp. A thin pencil of carbon, forming one electrode, is urged against a fixed bar of copper, which forms the other electrode. The carbon rod is constantly fed towards the copper cylinder, and is held in metallic contact jaws. As in the Werdermann lamp, the end of the carbon rod becomes incandescent, and there is also formed a flame, or arc of light, which plays between the two electrodes.

The other system referred to is that of Mr. Heinrichs, where quite a new departure is made in the form of the carbons employed. Instead of being straight, as in all other systems, they are curved into half circles. By this means they are brought into a narrower compass, while at the same time they readily adapt themselves to the shape of the globe which protects them. Each electrode is represented by two carbons, and each pair intersect one another, the light being formed at the point where they all meet. The



annexed diagram, showing one pair of carbons, will give an idea of their form. It will be seen that they are attached to metal arms, so fixed that as they waste away their ends are brought together by their own weight. An electro magnet placed above them regulates their distance from one another, and consequent length of arc, according to the strength of current employed. The system has the merit of simplicity, for no wheelwork is called into play. It remains to be seen whether it is more practicable than the better-known forms of regulators.

The Roman villa, discovered last year at Brading, Isle of Wight, to which we some months ago devoted a few illustrations, has, owing to the precautions taken, in no way suffered from the frosts of winter. Continued exploration has lately brought many interesting features to light. In one place a skeleton was discovered which bore traces of severe injury during life—the relic, perhaps, of some crime committed many centuries ago. Many tiles have been discovered. One is interesting as showing the markings of the workman's palm, as he had shifted it, while still soft, from one hand to another. Another bears the image of a foot clothed in hob-nailed sandals. There is something very interesting in these finger and foot-marks of men who lived about sixteen hundred years ago.

The fact that 19,000 carcasses of sheep recently arrived here from South America in excellent condition will show that the problem

of preserving meat for a considerable period has been happily solved. It remained to find means for continuing its freshness on arrival, so that its value might not be depreciated by a forced sale. This has lately been accomplished in a most satisfactory manner. A store has been established in Thames Street, where the meat can be kept at the necessary low temperature, and where it can, by special arrangements, be gradually thawed as it is wanted for market. People will soon be wanting to know why they should pay one shilling a pound for mutton.

In Mr. Murray's paper lately read before the Society of Arts on the Diamond Fields of South Africa a curious story was told of the finding of the first precious stone. A gentleman was the guest of one of the Boer colonists, whose little child he saw playing with some stones she had picked up. One of these appeared to the stranger to be somewhat remarkable, for it emitted a strange light. The Boer would not listen to any overtures to buy such a valueless thing as a pebble, and begged his guest to take it if he cared to have it. The stone was ultimately declared to be a diamond, and was valued at 500*l.* Shortly afterwards, the story having become noised abroad, pebbles were regarded with more than ordinary attention, with the result that a diamond of eighty-three carats was found, "The Star of South Africa," the value of which is about 12,000*l.* This stone was ultimately purchased by the Countess of Dudley.

A new mineral has been discovered in America by Mr. W. H. Hidden, and is called, after its observer, Hiddenite. It is of a pure green colour, and possesses the properties of extreme hardness and transparency. Its rarity gives it a value equal to the diamond.

Some curious experiments bearing upon a new mode of heating furnaces, and apparently suggested by dust explosions in coal mines, have been initiated by Messrs. Alexandre, of Washington. Coal dust is supplied to the furnace by means of a perpendicular shaft, at the lower part of which is a horizontal tube, through which a current of air urges it into the fire.

The Germans have lately taken a hint from acrobats in furnishing their fire-engine stations with strong nets in which to catch those unfortunates who may be so placed that they must choose between the horrors of fire and the chances of broken limbs.

The masonry of the new Eddystone Lighthouse has now reached its fifty-second course—bringing it to a level with the light on the old building. As a consequence this light is intercepted by it in one direction to such an extent that a ship approaching five miles off loses sight of it while traversing a mile. This was long ago foreseen, and it was proposed that a second light should be mounted on the new erection, to cover the void space. A bridge was to connect the two buildings, so that the same attendants could attend to both lamps. This being found impracticable, the Trinity Corporation have issued a notice pointing out that this interval of darkness exists, and stating its cause.

T. C. H.

MRS. BURTON'S MISSION AT TRIESTE.—Mrs. Richard Burton, the wife of the British Consul at Trieste, is carrying on in that city an excellent work which deserves to be more widely known and supported in this country, whence she mainly obtains the necessary funds. On her first arrival at Trieste, about eight years ago, she was much shocked at the inhuman treatment to which horses, dogs, and other animals were systematically subjected. Some of the stories she narrates are of the most heartrending description. The "Schinder," or public slaughterman, and his assistants went round the streets with a cart, and all dogs found without a muzzle and ticket were caught with a kind of iron hook or lasso, flung howling into the cart, and taken to the public slaughter-house, where, after being kept forty-eight hours without food or shelter, those that were of any value were sold, and the rest killed. Other animals, such as sick or maimed horses, oxen, and asses, were disposed of in the same way, whilst the cab, omnibus, and tram-car horses were systematically over-worked, under-fed, and brutally ill-treated. Mrs. Burton's sympathetic heart was deeply touched by the many horrors which came constantly under her notice, and she immediately set about the work of enlightenment and reform by organising a society for putting the law in action against the evil-doers, and the encouragement of humanity and kindness towards dumb animals of all kinds. Her efforts have already been crowned with considerable success, and during the past four years a large number of money prizes and diplomas of honour for acts of humanity to animals have been annually distributed by her amongst cabmen, omnibus drivers, cattle-drovers, and others. At the last annual distribution 2,000 florins were thus given to persons belonging to Trieste and twenty-two other towns in Austria, Italy, and Dalmatia, including the "Schinder" and his assistants; that official, who holds a life appointment, having been persuaded to dismiss his brutal men, and replace them by others of a more humane disposition, so that the stray dogs and other animals which fall into his hands are now properly cared for during the time of their detention. Very much, however, still remains to be done. The animals which draw the public vehicles of all kinds, and those employed at the neighbouring quarries are still greatly overworked, and in many cases otherwise ill-used. Sheep, calves, goats, &c., destined for slaughter are frequently kept all night in a roofless stone-paved enclosure or pound, without straw to lie upon, and with no protection from rain, snow, or wind, and live fowls are carried to market tied up by their legs. Mrs. Burton and her Secretary, Chinchelle, are indefatigable in their exertions on behalf of the poor suffering animals, who cannot plead their own cause, and we venture to ask lovers of dumb animals to send her what aid they can in the shape of subscriptions to her fund.

A "BIT OF A WORKMAN."—At one of the Metropolitan County Courts last week a man was sued for the price of a pair of boots. "Did you make them yourself?" the Judge inquired of the plaintiff. "I did my part towards them," was the reply. "I'm what's called a 'laster.' It is not one so-called bootmaker in a dozen can make a boot out and out. The trade is cut up for convenience of machinery and that into bits and parts, and a lad is apprenticed to one part, and seldom learns any other." There is much in this brief and candid commentary on modern handicraft. It gives the key to a system that in the long run may go far towards exterminating the perfect workman that our fathers knew. For proof that the bootmaker spoke truth, one has but to turn to the advertisement columns of the newspaper. The plan of cutting up trades into "bits and parts for the convenience of machinery" is becoming general. In the shoe-making interest there are now the several recognised branches of "clicker," "laster," "closer," "all-round sewer," "rivetter," "rough-stuff cutter," "paste-fitter," and "finisher." Again, in the tailoring trade, the fabrication of a coat requires the employment of so many different hands that it has become literally true that nine tailors are no more than equal to one man—to the single-handed and accomplished "snip" that is to say, who, in former days, first cutting out the coat according to his cloth, could begin and finish the garment without assistance. Whatever may be the commercial advantages of the "portioning" system, it must tend to the extinction of the ancient and honourable institution of apprenticeship. A long course of patient teaching cannot be necessary in the case of a mere fragmentary contribution towards the making of a shoe or a hat or a waistcoat. A novice would probably make himself proficient with a month's practice, and the inevitable result must be slop-work and miserable wages. It may be said—confining the question to shoe-making—that so long as a satisfactory result is attained in these hard driving times, we must not be too particular as to the means employed. But though shoes may cost less than they did twenty years ago, they are not half so durable. What is worse, they are not so well adapted

(Continued on page 438)



DRAWN BY CHARLES GREFN

Two strapping tall fellows, stepping quickly into the road, caught poor Harry by the arms, ran a thick rope round him before he had time to cry out, and dragged him into the gates.

THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET

By WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "BY CELIA'S ARBOUR," "THE MONKS OF THELEMA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW KITTY PREVENTED A DUEL

THE agitation of spirits into which I was thrown by this interview with the doctor blinded me for the moment to the fact that Harry Temple, of whose pretensions I thought I had disposed, was still an angry and rejected suitor. Indeed, for a few days he had ceased to persecute me. But to-night he manifested a jealousy which was inexcusable, after all I had said to him. No one, as I had gone so far as almost to explain to him, had a better right to give me his hand for the evening than my lord; yet this young man, as jealous as the blacksmith god whom he personated, must needs cross our steps at every turn, throwing angry glances both upon me and my partner. He danced with no one; he threw away his hammer, left off limping, consorted with none of the gay company, but nursed his wrath in silence.

Now the last dance of the evening, which took place at two o'clock in the morning, was to be one in which all the ladies threw their fans upon the table, and the gentlemen danced each with her whose fan he picked from the pile. My lord whispered to me that I was first to let him see my fan, whereupon, when the fans lay upon the table, he deliberately chose my own and brought it to me.

I took off my domino, which was now useless, because all the company knew the disguise. Everybody laughed, and we took our places to lead off the country-dance.

It was three o'clock when we finished dancing, and prepared to go home. Harry Temple here came up to me and asked if he might have the honour of escorting me to my lodgings. I answered that I had already promised that favour to Lord Chudleigh.

"Every dance, the whole evening: the supper, the promenade: all given to this happy gentleman! Surely, Kitty, the Queen of the Wells might dispense her favours more generously."

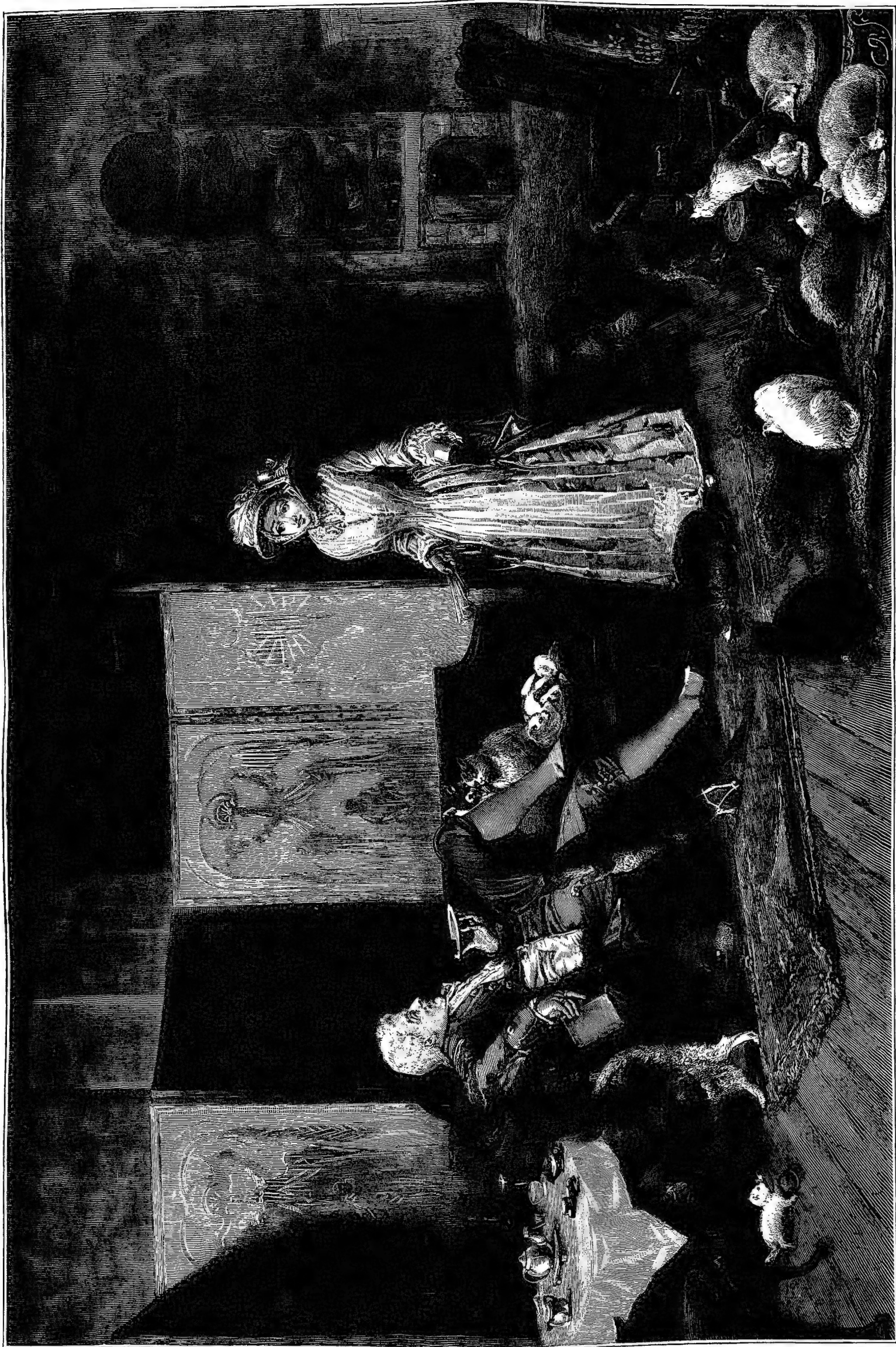
"The Queen," said Lord Chudleigh, "is the fountain of honour. We have only to accept and be grateful."

I laughed and bade Harry good-night, and offered him my hand, which he refused sullenly; and murmuring something about pride and old friends, turned aside and let us go.

Everybody, it seems, noticed the black looks of Harry Temple all the evening, and expected, though in my happiness I thought not of such a thing, that high words would pass between this sulky young gentleman and his favoured rival, to whom he was so rude and unmannerly. Now, by the laws of the Wells, as laid down strictly in the rules of the great Mr. Nash for Tunbridge Wells and Bath, and adopted at all watering-places, the gentlemen wore no swords on the Parade and in the card-rooms; yet was it impossible to prevent altogether the quarrels of hot-blooded men, and the green grass of the Downs had been stained with the blood of more than one poor fellow, run through as the consequence of a foolish brawl. When will men cease to fight duels, and seek to kill each other for a trifling disagreement, or a quarrel?

Generally, it takes two to make a quarrel, and few men are so perverse as deliberately to force a duel upon another against his will. Yet this was what Harry Temple, my old schoolfellow, my old friend, of whom I once held so high an opinion, so great a respect, actually did with Lord Chudleigh. He forced the quarrel upon him. My lord was always a gentleman of singular patience, forbearance, and sweetness, and one who would take, unprovoked, a great deal of provocation, never showing the usual sign of resentment or anger, although he might be forced to take up the quarrel. He held, indeed, the maxim that a man should always think so well of himself as to make an insult impossible, unless it be deliberate, open, and clearly intended. As for his courage, he went on to say that it was a matter of self-respect: if a man's own conscience approve (which is the ultimate judge for all but those whose consciences are deadened by an evil life), let him fear not what men say, knowing full well that if they dare say more than the customs of the polite world allow, it is easy for every man to prove that he is no coward.

Lord Chudleigh, then, having led us to the door of our own lodging, unfortunately returned to the Assembly Rooms, where—and outside upon the Terrace—some of the gentlemen yet lingered. I say unfortunately, because, as for what followed, I cannot believe but that poor Harry, whose disposition was not naturally quarrelsome, might have been inflamed by drinking wine with them when he ought to have gone to bed. Now wine, to one who is jealous, is like oil upon fire. And had my lord, for his part, retired to Durdans



"OLD ACTORS"

FROM THE PICTURE BY F. SMALLFIELD, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

"Peg Woffington came to London at twenty-two years of age. After calling many times, unsuccessfully, at the house of John Rich, the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, she at last sent up her name. She was then admitted, and found him lolling on a sofa, surrounded by twenty-seven cats, of all ages."

—as he might very properly have done, seeing the lateness of the hour—the morning's reflection would, I am sure, have persuaded Harry that he had been a fool, and had no reasonable ground for quarrel with his lordship or with me.

The sun was already rising, for it was nearly four o'clock in the morning; the ladies were all gone off to bed; those who lay about the benches yawned and stretched themselves; some were for bed, some for another bottle; some were talking of an early gallop on the Downs; the lamps yet glimmered in their sockets; the Terrace looked, with its oil lamps still burning in the brightness of the morning sunshine, with the odds and ends of finery, the tattered bravery of torn dresses, gold and silver lace, tinfoil, broken paper crowns and helmets, as sad as a theatre the morning after a performance; the stalls of the Wizard, the Italian performers, and the dancing girl, were empty and open; their hangings were already torn down, the stand for the horses beside the pond was broken in parts.

When Lord Chudleigh came back he found waiting for him, among the latest of the revellers, Harry Temple, his face pale, his lips set, his manner agitated, as of one who contemplates a rash act.

My lord threw himself upon a bench under the trees, his head upon his hand, pensive, thinking to calm the agitation of his spirits by the freshness of the morning air. Harry began walking up and down in front of him, casting angry glances at him, but as yet speaking not. Now, within the deserted card-room when the lights had all burned out, and the windows were wide open, sat all by himself Sir Miles Lackington, turning over a pack of cards at one of the empty tables, and thinking over the last night's play, at which he had won some money, and regretted to have been stopped just when he was in luck. There were now only a few gentlemen left, and these were one by one dropping off.

Presently, with an effort, Harry Temple stopped in front of his lordship and spoke to him.

I declare that up to this time poor Harry had always been the most peaceful of creatures, though strong, and well accustomed to hold bouts with Will, in which he proved almost equal to that stalwart competitor, at wrestling, singlestick, quarterstaff, or boxing. Also, as was proved by the affray of the Saturday evening, already related, not unready on occasion. But a bookish youth, and not one who sought to fix quarrels upon any man, or to commit murder in the name of honour. And this shows how dangerous a passion is thwarted love, which can produce in a peaceful man's bosom jealousy, hatred, rage, and forgetfulness of that most sacred commandment which enjoins us not to slay.

"I trust, my lord," he said, laughing and blushing, as if uncertain of himself, "that your lordship hath passed a pleasant evening with the Queen of the Wells."

Lord Chudleigh looked up surprised. Then he rose, for there was a look in Harry's eyes which meant mischief. The unlucky love-sick swain went on:

"Lord Chudleigh and Miss Kitty Pleydell. The very names seem made for one another; no doubt his lordship is as fine a gentleman as the lady is beautiful."

"Sir!" said Lord Chudleigh, quietly, "you have perhaps been drinking. This is the only excuse for such an association of my name with that young lady's in a public assembly."

"Oh!" he said, "I want no excuse for addressing your lordship. The Temples were gentlefolk before the Chudleighs were heard of."

"Well, Mr. Temple, so be it. Enjoy that superiority. Shall we close this discussion?"

"No, my lord; there is more to be said."

He spoke hotly, and with an anger which ought surely to have been simulated, such small provocation as he had received.

"Then, sir, in Heaven's name let us say it and have done with it."

"You have offended me, my lord—you best know how."

"I believe I know, Mr. Temple. You also know what grounds you have for believing that to be an offence."

"I say, my lord," his voice rose and his eyes flashed, "that you have offended me."

"Had I done so wittingly," returned Lord Chudleigh, "I should willingly ask pardon. But I deny your right to take offence."

"You have offended me highly," he repeated, "and that in a manner which makes an apology only a deeper insult. You have offended me in a manner which only one thing can satisfy."

"Before we go any farther, Mr. Temple," said my lord, sitting down again calmly and without heat, "I would know exactly the nature of my offence, and your reasonable right to regard it as such."

"It needs not, my lord. You know well enough what I mean."

"I know that, of course. I would wish to know, as well, your right to be offended."

"I say, my lord, that it is enough."

Harry, being in the wrong, spoke still more loudly, and those who were left drew near to see the quarrel.

"You need not raise your voice, sir," said Lord Chudleigh; "I like any altercation in which I may be unhappily engaged to be conducted like the rest of my business in life, namely, with the decorum and quietness which become gentlemen like the Temples, and those of that younger family the Chudleighs. You have, I believe, travelled. You have therefore, without doubt, had opportunities of observing the well-bred and charming quietness with which gentlemen in France arrange these little matters, particularly when, as now, the dispute threatens to involve the name of a lady. Now, sir, that we understand each other, I must inform you that unless I know the exact nature of my offence to you, which I have the right to demand, this affair will proceed no farther. I would as soon accept a quarrel from a mad Malay running amuck at all he meets."

"My lord!" cried Harry, with red face and trembling fingers.

"Of course I do not pretend to be unable to form a guess," Lord Chudleigh went on gravely; "but I must beg you to instruct me exactly what you mean. You will observe, sir, that I am here, as a visitor, previously unknown to yourself. It is therefore strange to learn that one has offended a gentleman towards whom my behaviour has been neither less nor more guarded than towards others."

"My lord, you have offended me by the attentions you have paid to a young lady."

"Indeed, sir! So I believed. But permit me to ask if the young lady is connected with you or with your house by any ties of relationship or otherwise?"

"She is not, my lord."

"Further: have you any right of guardianship over this young lady?"

"None, my lord. But yet you have offended me."

"The young lady is free to accept the attention of any man she may prefer; to show her preference as openly as she considers proper. I conclude this to be the case. And, if so, I am unable to perceive in what way I can wilfully have offended you."

"Your lordship," said Harry Temple, enraged by his adversary's calmness, but yet with sufficient self-command to speak in lower tones, "has offended me in this: that if you had not paid those attentions to Miss Pleydell, she might have accepted those courtesies which I was prepared to offer her."

"Indeed, sir! that is a circumstance with which I am wholly unconcerned. No doubt the same thing might be said by other gentlemen in this company."

"I knew that young lady, my lord, long before you did. It was my deliberate purpose, long ago, to make her my wife when the opportunity arrived."

"The time has come," resumed Lord Chudleigh, "but not the man."

"I say, it was my fixed intention to marry Miss Pleydell. I did

not, my lord, form these resolutions lightly, nor abandon them without sufficient reason. It is still my resolution. I say that you shall not stand between me and my future wife!"

"Indeed! But suppose Miss Pleydell refuses to give her consent to this arrangement? Surely such a resolve, however laudable, demands the consent of the other party."

"Miss Pleydell will not refuse my hand when you have left her. Abandon a field, my lord, which never belonged to yourself—"

"Tut, tut!" said Lord Chudleigh. "This, sir, is idle talk. You cannot seriously imagine—"

"I seriously imagine that, if necessary, I will make my way to that young lady over your lordship's body, if you stand in my way."

Lord Chudleigh took off his hat and bowed low.

"Then, sir, the sooner you take the first step in the pursuance of your resolution the better. I will bar your way upon the Downs at any time you may appoint."

Harry returned the obeisance.

"I wait your lordship's convenience," he said.

"My convenience shall be yours, Mr. Temple. For it is you who desire to run me through, not I you. Have your own way."

"It is late to-night," said Harry, now quite calm, though with a hot flush upon his cheek. "Your lordship would like to rest. Perhaps to-morrow, after breakfast, while the ladies are at morning prayer."

Oh, the bloodthirsty wretch!

Lord Chudleigh bowed again.

"That time, Mr. Temple, will I daresay suit the convenience of my second."

The code of honour, be it observed, does not allow the exhibition of any emotion of horror, remorse, or repugnance, when you arrange to commit that private murder which gentlemen call a duel.

Lord Chudleigh bowed once more, and left his adversary. He walked across the terrace to the card-room, where Sir Miles was alone with the scattered packs of cards. When he came out, he bowed a third time, and walked slowly away. I hope that, in his chamber, he reflected on the wickedness of the appointment he had made, and on its possible consequences.

Sir Miles threw away the cards, and came out rubbing his eyes.

"Ods my life, sir!" he said, addressing Harry Temple, who, now that the mischief was done, looked somewhat sheepish, though dignified.

The few gentlemen who were left drew nearer, anxious to lose nothing of what might happen. English people of all ranks love above all things to watch a quarrel or a fight, whatever be the weapons.

"Ods my life, sir!" repeated Sir Miles. "This is a pretty kettle fish! Here we have a pleasant night—dancing, playing, and making love, every one happy, even though some gentlemen did lose their mistresses or their money, and here you spoil sport by quarrelling at the end of it. What the Devil, sir, does it concern you whether my lord talks gallantry with one young lady or another?"

"That, Sir Miles, allow me to tell you, is my business. If you are his lordship's second, let us arrange accordingly. If a principal, let us fight afterwards."

"No, sir," replied the baronet. "It is everybody's business. It concerns the cheerfulness, the security, the happiness of all this honourable company. What! if I amuse myself, and a young lady too, by writing poems on her dainty fingers, must I needs go out and measure swords with every young hot-head who would fain be doing the same? Seconds and principals? Have we nothing to do but to fight duels? Mr. Temple, I thought better things from a gentleman of your rank and family. What! any jackanapes lawyer—any pert young haberdasher—might think it fine thus to insult and challenge a harmless nobleman of great name and excellent qualities! But for you, Mr. Temple! you, sir, a gentleman of your county, and of an ancient and most honourable stock—Fie, sir, fie!"

"I think, Sir Miles," said Harry, who wished now to have the preliminaries settled without more ado, "that things having so far advanced, these reproaches may be spared. Let us proceed to business."

"A girl can choose, I suppose," Sir Miles went on, "without the interference or the objection of a man who is neither her father, her guardian, her brother, nor her cousin? Why, as for this young lady, whose name, I say, it is not respectful to name in this business—I myself, sir, I myself paid her attentions till she bade me go about my business. What, sir! do you think I should have suffered any man to question my right to make a Lady Lackington where I chose, and where I could! She laughed in my face. Mighty pretty laughing lips she has, and teeth as white as pearls; and a roguish eye when she chooses, for all she goes so grave. Did I, then, go snivelling in the dumps? Did I take it ill that she showed a liking for Lord Chudleigh, who is worth ten of me, and a dozen of you? Did I hang my chops and wipe my eyes? Did I, therefore, insult his lordship, and call him out?"

"All this, Sir Miles," Harry replied impatiently, "has nothing to do with the question which lies between Lord Chudleigh and myself."

"What I argued, for my own comfort, when sweet Kitty said me nay, was this: that the marriage condition hath many drawbacks, as is abundantly evident from history and poetry, while freedom hath many sweets—that a man may tire of a Beauty and a Toast in a month, but he never tires of liberty—that children often come after matrimony, and they are expensive—that, as for the lady's good looks, why, as many pretty women are in the sea as ever came out of it. And as for my wounded feelings, why, what is it but so much vanity? Granted that she is the Toast this year: pritheer who will be the Toast next? Last year, they tell me, it was Peggy Baker—and a monstrous pretty woman, too, though not to compare with Kitty. Now her nose is out of joint. Who next? Some little miss now getting rapped over the knuckles in the nursery, Mr. Temple; and she will be, in her turn, quite as fine a woman as we shall live to see. That is to say, as I shall live to see, because you, of course, will be no more. At eleven o'clock upon the Downs you will get your quietus; when my lord's sword has once made daylight through your fine waistcoat. 'Tis pity, but yet what help? Mighty little looking after pretty women where you are going to, Mr. Temple. I advise you to consider your earthly concerns before you go out. Well, 'tis a shame, it is, a well-set-up man like you, with a likely face and pretty fortune, to throw all away because a woman says nay:

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?

Tilly vally! A pretty reason why two tall fellows should stick swords into each other. I have a great mind, sir, not to allow my principal to go out on such a provocation."

"I can easily give him more, Sir Miles," said Harry, hotly, "or you either, as soon as you have finished your sermon."

"Oh, sir!" Sir Miles laughed and bowed. "Pray do not think that I desire to fight on that or any other provocation. We gentlemen of Norfolk sometimes try conclusions with the cudgel before the rapier comes into play. Therefore, sir, having given you my mind on the matter, and having nothing more to say at this moment, you may as well refer me at once to your friend."

Harry turned to the group of lookers-on.

"Gentlemen," he said, "an unhappy difference, as some of you have witnessed, has arisen between the Lord Chudleigh and myself. May I request the good offices of one among you in this affair?"

One of them, an officer in the king's scarlet, stepped forward and offered his services. Harry thanked him, briefly told him where he lodged, introduced him formally to Sir Miles, and walked away. A few minutes' whispered consultation between Sir Miles and this

officer concluded the affair. The principals were to fight on the Downs at eleven o'clock, when there are generally, unless a match is going on, but few people there. This arranged, Sir Miles walked away to tell Lord Chudleigh; and Harry, with his second, left the Terrace.

Thus the affair, as gentlemen call an engagement in which their own lives and the happiness of helpless women are concerned, was quietly arranged on the well-known laws of "honour," just as if it were nothing more than the purchase of a horse, a carriage, or a house; we at home sleeping meanwhile without suspicion, dreaming, very likely, of love and joy, even when death was threatening those dearest to us. Sometimes when I think of this uncertain life, how it is surrounded by nature with unknown dangers—how thoughtless and wicked men may in a moment destroy all that most we love—how in a moment the strongest fortune is overthrown—how our plans may be frustrated—how the houses of cards (which we have thought so stable) tumble down without a warning, and all our happiness with them—when, I say, I think of these things I wonder how any one can laugh and be merry, save the insensate wretches whose whole thought is of their own enjoyment for the moment. Yet the Lord, our Father, is above all; in whose hand is the ordering of the smallest thing—the meanest life. Moreover, He hath purposed that youth should be a time of joy, and so hath wisely hidden away the sources of evil.

Cicely Crump was stirring betimes in the morning, and before six was in the market buying the provisions for the day. And as she passed the door of the Assembly Rooms, she looked in to see the dipper, a friend of hers, who sat at the distribution of the water, though but few of the visitors took it regularly. This good woman, Phoebe Game by name, had kept the secret for more than an hour, having heard it, under promise of strictest secrecy, from one of the late revellers when she took her place among the glasses at five o'clock in the morning. She was a good woman, and discreet according to her lights; but this dreadful secret was too much for her, and if she had not told it to Cicely, must have told it to some one else. At sight of her visitor, therefore, discretion abandoned this good woman, and she babbled all she knew. Yet not in a hurry, but little by little, as becomes a woman with such a piece of intelligence, the parting of which is as the parting with power.

"Cicely," she said, shaking her forefinger in an awful and threatening way, "I have heard this very morning—ah! only an hour or so since—news which would make your poor young lady jump out of her pretty shoes for fright. I have—I have."

"Goodness!" cried Cicely. "Oh, Phoebe! whatever in the world is it?"

"I dare not tell," she replied. "It is as much as my place is worth to tell. We dippers are not like common folk. We must have no ears to hear and no tongue to speak. We must listen and make no sign. The quality says what they like and they does what they like. It isn't for a humble dipper to speak, nor to tell, nor to spoil sport—even if it is murder."

"Oh, tell me!" cried Cicely. "Why, Phoebe, your tongue can run twenty to the dozen if you like. And if I knew, why, there isn't a mouse in all Epsom can be nutter, or a guinea-pig dumber. Only you tell me."

Thus appealed to, Mrs. Game proceeded (as she had from the first intended) to transfer her secret to Cicely, with many interjections, reflections, sighs, prayers, and injunctions to tell no one, but to go home and pray on her bended knees that Lord Chudleigh's hand might be strengthened and his eye directed, so that this meddling young gentleman might be run through in some vital part.

Cicely received the intelligence with dismay. The good girl had more of my confidence than most ladies give to maids; but she was above the common run, and quick of apprehension. Besides, she loved me.

"What use," she asked bitterly, "for Mr. Nash to prohibit the gentlemen from wearing their swords when they have got them at home ready for using when they want? Mr. Temple, indeed! To think that my young lady would look at him when my lord is about!"

"Well—go, child," said the dipper. "You and me, being two poor women with little but our characters, which are, thank the Lord, good so far as we have got, cannot meddle or make in this pie. I am glad I told you, though. I felt before you came as if the top of my head was being lifted off with the force of it like a loaf with the yeast. Oh, the wickedness of gentlefolk!"

Cicely walked slowly back, thinking what she had best do—whether to keep the secret, or to tell me. Finally she resolved on telling me.

Accordingly she woke me up, for I was still asleep, and communicated the dreadful intelligence. There could be no doubt of its truth. Sir Miles, she told me, had expostulated with Harry Temple, who would hear no reason. They would meet to kill each other at eleven o'clock, when the ladies were at prayers, on the Downs behind Durdans.

I thanked her, and told her to leave me while I dressed; but not to awaken Mrs. Pimpernel, who would be the better for a long sleep after her late night, while I thought over what was to be done.

First of all I was in a mighty great rage with Harry; the rage I was in prevented me from doing what I ought to have done—viz., had I been in my right mind, I should have gone to him instantly, and then and there I should have ordered him to withdraw from the Wells. Should he refuse, I would have gone to Sir Robert, a Justice of the Peace, and caused the duel to be prevented.

I could find no excuse for Harry. Even supposing that his passion was so violent (which is a thing one ought to be ashamed of rather than to make a boast of it), was that any reason why my happiness was to be destroyed? Men, I believe, would like to carry off their wives as the Romans carried off the Sabine women, and no marriage feast would be more acceptable to their barbarous hearts than the one in which these rude soldiers celebrated this enforced union.

Cicely and I looked at each other. It was seven o'clock. The duel was to take place at eleven. Could I seek out Lord Chudleigh? No; his honour was concerned. Or Sir Miles? But the honest baronet looked on a duel as a necessity of life, which might happen at any time to a gentleman, though he himself preferred a bout with cudgels.

Presently Cicely spoke.

"I once heard," she said, "a story."

"Child, this is no time for telling stories."

"Let me tell it first, Miss Kitty. Nay, it is not a silly story. A gentleman once had planned to carry off a great heiress."

"What has that to do with Lord Chudleigh? He does not want to carry me off."

"The gentleman was a wicked man and an adventurer. He only wanted the lady's money. One of her friends, a woman it was, found out the plot. She wanted to prevent it without bloodshed, or murder, or duelling, which would have happened if it had been prevented by any stupid interference of clumsy men—"

"Oh, Cicely! get on with the story."

"She did prevent it. And how do you think?"

"How?"

Cicely ran and shut the door, which was ajar. Then she looked all about the room and under the bed.

"It was a most dreadful wicked thing to do. Yet to save a friend or a lover, I would even do it."

"What was it, Cicely?"

"I must whisper."

"Quick; give me my hood, child."

She put it on and tied it with trembling fingers, because we were really going to do a most desperate thing.

APRIL 30, 1881

"Is the house on the road, Cicely? Cannot he go by another way?"
 "No; he cannot go by any other way."
 "Say not a word, Cicely. Let not madam think or suspect anything."

On the road which leads from the town by a gentle ascent to the Downs, there stood (on the left-hand side going up) a large square house in red brick, surrounded by a high wall on which were iron spikes. The door of the wall opened into a sort of small lodge, and the great gates were strong, high, and also protected by iron spikes. I had often observed this house; but being full of my own thoughts, I had not inquired into the reason of these fortifications. Yet I knew that the house was the residence of a certain learned physician, Dr. Jonathan Powlett by name, who daily walked upon the terrace dressed in black, with a great gold-headed cane and an immense full petticoat. He had a room in one of the houses of the Terrace in which he received his patients, and he made it his business to accost every stranger on his arrival with the view of getting his custom. Thus he would, after inquiring after the stranger's health, branch off upon a dissertation on the merits of the Epsom waters and an account of the various diseases, with their symptoms (so that timid men often fancied they had contracted these disorders, and ran to the doctor in terror), which the waters would cure. Mrs. Esther was pleased to converse with him, and I believe spent several guineas in consultations on the state of her health, now excellent.

I had never spoken to him except once, when he saluted me with a finely pompous compliment about youth and beauty, the twin stars of such a company as was gathered together at Epsom. "Yet," he said, "while even the physician cannot arrest the first of these, the second may be long preserved by yearly visits to this invigorating spot, not forgetting consultations with scientific and medical men, provided they are properly qualified and hold the licence of the College of Physicians, without which a so-called doctor is but a common apothecary, surgeon, or leech, fit only to blister and to bleed."

I made my way to his house, hoping to catch him before he sallied forth in the morning. The place was, as I have said, hidden by high brick walls, and the gate was guarded by a lodge in which, after ringing a great bell, I found a man of rough and strong appearance, who asked me rudely what was my business.

I told him my business was with his master.

After a little demur, he bade me wait in the lodge while he went away, and presently returned with the doctor.

"My dear young lady," he cried, "I trust there is nothing wrong with that most estimable lady, Mrs. Pimpernel?"

"Indeed, doctor," I replied, "I come on quite a different errand. And my business is for your ear alone."

Upon this he bade the fellow retire, and we were left alone in the little room of the lodge.

Then I exposed my business.

He looked very serious when he quite understood what I wanted him to do.

"It is very dangerous," he said.

I then told him how it might be so managed as that there should be no danger in it at all. He thought for a little, and then he laughed to himself.

"But madam," he said, "suppose I do this for you sagely and snugly. What reward am I to have for my trouble and risk?"

"What do you think the business is worth?"

He looked curiously in my face as if wondering how much he could safely say. Then he replied:

"I believe it is worthy exactly twenty guineas."

"I can spare no more than ten," I replied.

"Well," he said, "ten guineas is a trifle indeed for so great a risk and so great a service. Still, if no more is to be had, and to oblige so sweet a young lady—"

Here he held out a fat white hand, the fingers of which were curled as if from long habit of clutching guineas.

I gave him five, as an instalment, promising the other five when the job was done.

All being safely in train, I returned home to breakfast; but after breakfast I returned to the physician's house, and sat down in the lodge, so placed that I could see without being seen, and looked down the road.

After the bell for morning prayers had stopped, I began to expect my friends. Sure enough the first who came into sight were my lord and Sir Miles, the former looking grave and earnest. A little while after them came a gentleman whom I knew to be one of the company at Epsom. He was alone. Now this was the most fortunate accident, because had the gentleman, who was none other than Harry's second, accompanied his principal, my plot had failed. But fortunately (as I learned afterwards) they missed each other in the town, and so set off alone. This, at the time, I knew not, being ignorant of the laws of the duello. At last there came along Harry himself, walking quickly as if afraid of being late.

I gave a signal which had been agreed upon, and as he approached the house, the great gates were thrown open, and two strapping tall fellows, stepping quickly into the road, caught poor Harry (the would-be murderer) by the arms, ran a thick rope round him before he had time to cry out, and dragged him into the gates, so quickly, so strongly, and so resolutely, that he had not the least chance of making any resistance. Indeed, it was done in so workmanlike a fashion that it seemed as if the rogues had done the same thing dozens of times before.

Heavens! To think that a man brought up so virtuously as Harry Temple, a young man of such excellent promise, so great a scholar, and one who had actually studied Theology, and attended the lectures of a Lady Margaret Professor, should, under any circumstances of life, abandon himself to language so wicked and a rage so overwhelming. Nothing ever surprised me so much as to hear that gentle scholar use such dreadful language, as bad as any that I had ever heard in the Fleet Market.

Caught up in this expected way, with his arms tied to his sides, carried by two stout ruffians, Harry had, to be sure, some excuse for wrath. His wig had fallen to the ground, his face was red and distorted by passion so that even I hardly knew him, when Doctor Powlett came out of his house and slowly advanced to meet him.

"Ay, ay, ay?" he asked slowly, wagging his head and stroking his long chin deliberately, in the manner of a physician who considereth what best treatment to recommend. "So this is the unfortunate young gentleman, is it? Ay, he looks very far gone. Nothing less, I fear, than *Dementia acuta cum violentia*. Resolute treatment in such cases is the best kindness. You will take him, keepers, to the blue-room, and chain him carefully. Your promptitude in making the capture shall be rewarded. As for you sir," he shook his forefinger at the unlucky Harry as if he was a schoolmaster admonishing a boy—"as for you, sir, it is lucky, indeed, that you have been caught. You were traced to this town where, I suppose, you arrived early this morning. Ha! I have known madmen to be run through their vitals by some gentleman whom they have accosted; or smothered between mattresses—a reprehensible custom, because it deprives the physician of his dues—or brained with a cudgel. You are fortunate, sir. But have a care, this house is remarkable for its kindness to the victims of mania, but have a care."

Here Harry burst into a fit of imprecations most dreadful to listen to.

"Anybody," said the doctor, "may swear in this house, a good many do, that often relieves a congested brain, and does no harm to me and my attendants. But disobedience or violence is punished by cold-water baths, by being held under the pump, by bread and

water, and by other methods with which I hope you will not make yourself better acquainted. Now, keepers!"

For the truth is that the doctor kept a house for the reception of madmen and unhappy lunatics, and I had persuaded him to kidnap Harry—by mistake. In four and twenty hours, I thought, he would have time to repent. It was sad, however, to see a man of breeding and learning so easily give way to profane swearing, and it shows the necessity of praying against temptation. Women, fortunately, do not know how to swear. It was, I confess, impossible to pity him. Why, he was going up the hill and on to the Downs with no other object than to kill my lover!

(To be continued).



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SHADWELL'S "Life of Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde" (Blackwood), is a most valuable contribution to the history of the British Army. Vittoria, Barossa, the first China War, the Sikh Campaign, the Crimea, the Indian Mutiny—Lord Clyde's name so thoroughly belongs to them all that, in writing about him, his biographer was bound to go into the fullest details about them. We lack, however, that richness of anecdote, that overflowing personality, which is the charm of so many biographies. We should like to know more about what we may call the period of eclipse, during which the leader of the San Sebastian forlorn hope was struggling with debt and Demerara; and borrowing money to buy his Majority; and managing, it is hard to guess how, to purchase an unattached Lieutenant-Colonelcy. We are thankful for a good many letters, notably several very racy ones from Sir C. Napier. From these we can patch up something like a portrait of the quick-tempered disciplinarian, who hated looting in China as much as he hated burning villages in India, who gave the Turks due credit for their bravery before Sebastopol, and whose friendship with General Vinoy speaks so well for both of them. Of a large part of Lord Clyde's career, his work, viz., in the Mutiny, which, begun in Vol. I., fills up the greater part of Vol. II., General Shadwell's account is necessarily official; the biographer was not present, the warrior kept no journal. Perhaps such a life, public rather than private, best falls in with Lord Clyde's wish that, if a memoir was indispensable, it should be simply the recital of an old soldier's services. The history of the Sikh War is always exciting; one feels the truth of the old song:—

Paddy Gough's a cross betwixt
 A bull dog and a salamander.

One's impression after reading General Shadwell is that, whoever lost his head in that set of terrible battles, Colin Campbell was cool and did the right thing; though mischievous Indian newspapers accused him of "a want of decision which had been prejudicial to the Commander-in-Chief." He came into collision with Lord Dalhousie, "that little weasel," as Sir C. Napier called him, in regard to the folly of raids into Afghanistan by way of reprisal. To annex and then protect your annexations was, he thought, the only way of punishing hill-tribes. Throwing up his Indian command he went to the Crimea, where, likely enough, his anxious temperament made him enemies. Anyhow, he was disgusted at being offered the Governorship of Malta—as he thought, to get rid of him. Of his share in suppressing the Mutiny, and his deep regard for Lord Canning, not lessened by differences of opinion, there is no need to say anything. Less generally known are the circumstances under which the future Lord Clyde's name was changed from MacIver to Campbell. "What, another of the clan?" said the Duke of York, when the lad was introduced to him by his maternal uncle Colonel John Campbell; and as Colin Campbell the Commander-in-Chief entered him in the 9th Regiment. It is not clear why his sister should also have adopted her mother's name. We have noted what we consider the weakness of General Shadwell's book. As the official record of a most interesting life it is so complete that any praise from us would be an insult.

That "the Popular Faith has lost its hold upon the hearts and minds of the people, thanks to the wretched Calvinism perpetrated in Christ's name," and to "that doctrine of eternal torment which hangs like a millstone upon the neck of the Church," has prompted Mr. J. S. Farmer to publish his "New Basis of Belief in Immortality" (London: E. W. Allen; Glasgow: Nisbet). In this second edition he has altered his title, "Spiritualism" being so associated in public estimation with fraud and credulity. He is thoroughly Biblical; the media, he tells us, are the successors of prophets and seers; the angels of the Bible are human spirits, sometimes sufficiently "materialised" (why not use the regular word "incarnated"?) to eat veal and hot cakes. The Ten Commandments are a case of direct spirit-writing; the child Samuel was developed as a clair-audient medium. The angel who loosed St. Peter out of prison is exactly paralleled by one who freed Rand, a friend of the Davenports, from Oswego gaol in 1859. Ezekiel was levitated as well as Mr. Home; and, if any one quotes the Mosaic law against wizards, Dr. Crowell and Mr. Howitt point out that by that law every male in our households is guilty of death for eating forbidden things. All this is no doubt convincing to some minds, and explains the claim that "Spiritualism has converted many who scouted the Bible." Its converts will, we fancy, be mostly found among such; though it is a strange frame of mind which, sceptical about Christianity, can allow Mr. Farmer to base his argument on the assumption that *spiritual phenomena do not need further proof*. "George Eliot," he says "wanted evidence of Christianity; Spiritualism gives it," we presume by paralleling Aaron's budding rod with Mrs. Guppy's flowers, and the hand that warned Belshazzar with Slade's slate-writing. As to the childishness of many spirit messages, we are reminded that most who die are twaddlers and write bad English; while "the hard-headed materialism of the day" is perhaps best met by raps on the pate with a guitar, and, if you object to tables as means of communication, write Spiritualism for Revelation in the well-known passage in Butler's Analogy, and you will find the argument just as good as before. Mr. Farmer's spelling of Greek words and Scripture names, by the way, needs amendment; but that is nothing if he can convince us that Maskelyne's tricks are only "a sorry bit of illusion." If he is right, Katie Fox of Hydesville is the greatest benefactor of the race; and we may well be content to give up the resurrection of the body for a faith which will "vitalise Christianity." He is more readable than most of his fellows because (as we said) he does not attempt to give what are called *proofs* of the so-called phenomena. He is the dupe while others are the tricksters.

Mr. Loftie's "Round About London" has been so deservedly appreciated that only a few words are needed to recommend his "Tourist's Guide Through London" (Stanford), printed uniformly with the same publisher's cheap County series. It is a very handy book, giving in alphabetical order all the chief objects of interest, with lists of the principal hotels, &c., and other matters likely to be useful to the sight-seer. In his preface Mr. Loftie cannot refrain from running a tilt at the antiquaries. He does not believe in King Lud and Troy-Novant—shadows that Mr. Riley, following on Stowe's lines, succeeded in dispersing. His little guide, most convenient for the pocket, will be a great help to those who want to see and understand as much as they can in a few days.

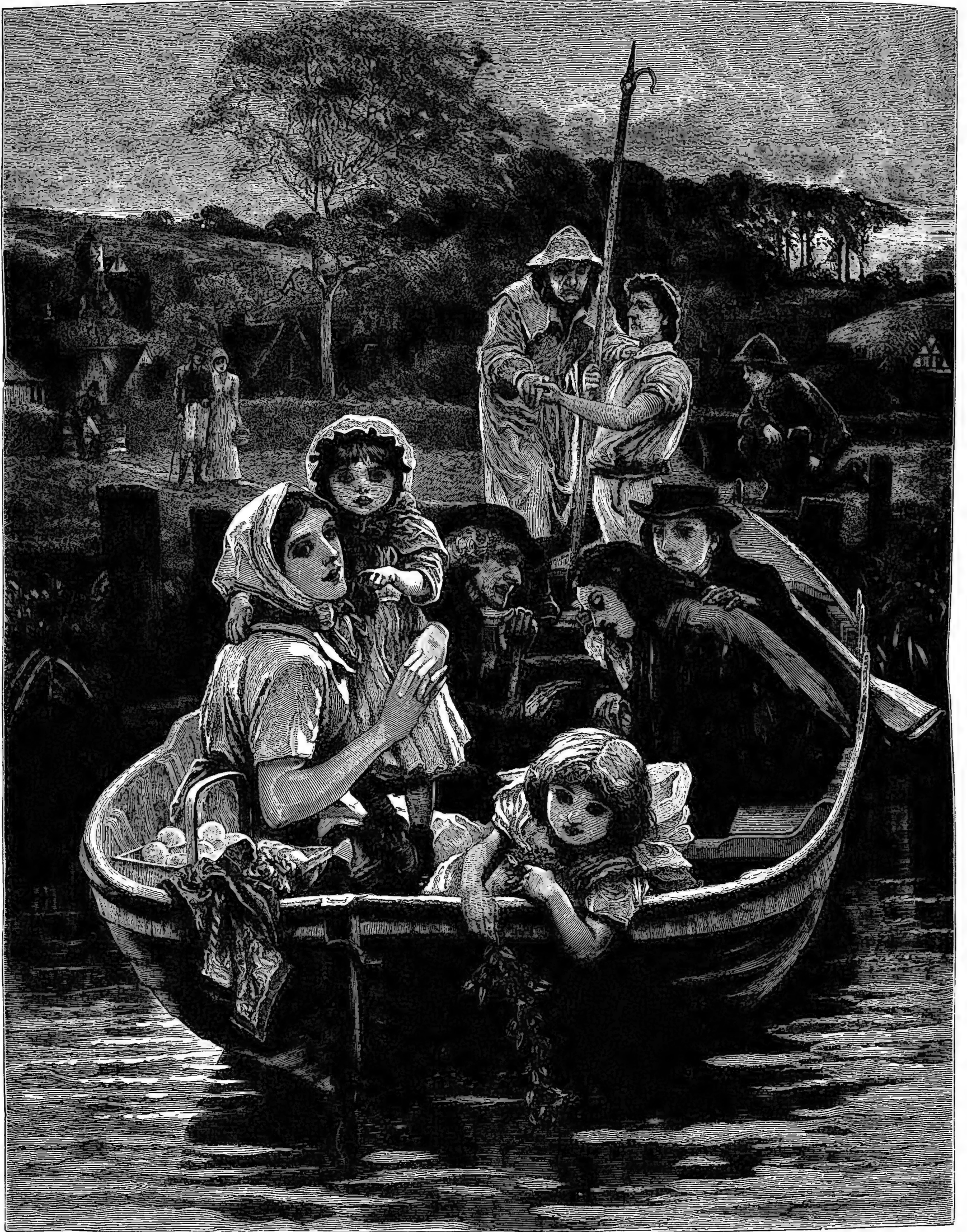
"Chili" (Allen and Co.), a country with a future, is in bright contrast with most of the South American Republics. Indeed the wonder is that it does not attract more emigrants, who, Mr. R. Nelson Boyd says, are pretty sure to do well either as capitalists or labourers. If the Chilians were wise they would invite immigration. An Irishman would surely prefer even the Araucanian frontier to Manitoba, with its vile water and severe winters. In Chili he would be among people of his own creed, as fond of horses as the typical Galwayman, while the still unconquered Araucanians are described as "uncivilised, but scarcely barbarians." These Indians still gallop off with their brides, as the Welsh did less than two centuries ago. From several photographs of them we can well believe that the mixed breed is by no means so repulsive as that which swarms in the slums of Lima. Now and then there are border raids, but the instigators are generally escaped Chilian convicts. Mr. Boyd gives a brief sketch of the war with Peru, and what led to it. In very few conflicts has the success been so uniformly on one side; he prophesies the coming of the silver and nitrate Atacama desert, and the obliteration of Bolivia. The fear is lest Chili should exchange the civilian presidents to whom she owes her freedom from *pronunciamientos* for military dictators after the style of her neighbours. There is plenty of coal in South Chili; and Mr. Boyd gives a good account of the workings. We heartily recommend his lively and instructive little book.

Marlborough, older far than the Norman Conquest (though Merlin's-burgh is, we take it, a more than doubtful explanation), has survived fire, plague, and war, and the break-up of the old coaching system. It must have been a sad change for the favourite resting-place between London and Bath to have found itself, when at last it did get a railway, connected with the great world only by the branch of a branch. Cruel Brunel, to have chosen Wootton Bassett, and Swindon, and left Marlborough and Devizes and the Wiltshire cloth towns out of his grand plan. Fortunately the College sprang up when the coaching had died out, its first *habitat* being the historic Castle Inn. College as well as town Mr. F. E. Hulme describes very pleasantly as they are and as they were. Of the interesting country round—Savernake Forest on one side, and the Downs with their cromlechs and stone circles and "grey wethers" on the other—he tells us a great deal. Indeed his "Town, College, and Neighbourhood of Marlborough" (Stanford) is a model local guide. Old Marlburians will be pleased to find that the worthies whom the school has already produced are not forgotten, Mr. Morris, of "the Earthly Paradise," being one of them. There is a good index, and the appendices are full of useful matter. Of Avebury there is a long and careful account. Mr. Hulme wisely abstains from dogmatism; he gives, but does not accept, the serpent-worship theory broached by Dr. Stukeley. Cromlechs, we are glad to find, he is pretty sure were sepulchral. Sober as an antiquarian, why is he so intemperate in his abuse of poor Dr. Sacheverell?

Mr. Gladstone thinks that "Systems of Land Tenure in Various Countries" (Cassell) is useful reading just now; and accordingly the Cobden Club have put forth a new edition prefaced by a *fac simile* of the Premier's letter on the subject. The different essayists are all first-rate authorities on what they write about. Judge Longfield writes on Irish, Mr. Wren Hoskyns on English land, M. de Laveleye on the land-system of Belgium and Holland; and the other papers are by equally able specialists. The interest of such a book is naturally very great now that land is the burning question of the day. Judge Longfield traces the disuse of leases, once common in Ireland than in England, to Catholic Emancipation, which destroyed the landlord's political influence. He points out how the landlord's hands were gradually strengthened, successive Acts of Parliament allowing him to sell distrained goods and to seize growing crops—both forbidden by common law. He notes that the reciprocal rights and duties of feudalism never existed in Ireland; "if landlord and tenant fought on the same field, it was on different sides." The lack of a Poor Law, he thinks, embittered the feelings of the Irish lower classes; and, when a Poor Law did come, the Encumbered Estates Act brought in a class of hard and often grasping landowners. Evictions, he thinks, are made too much of in the newspapers; they are rarely resorted to unless the tenants are hopelessly insolvent. On the other hand, he is loud in praise of the Ulster Tenant Right—"free trade in land as far as the right of occupation is concerned," obviating all the trouble and expense of conveyancing. The United States' land laws, different in different parts of the Union, are detailed by the late Counsellor Fisher, who also treats of the effects of abolition and the prospects of emigrants. His praise of the Irish is somewhat faint: "Their qualifications for making good settlers are not so rare as might be supposed by eyewitnesses of their average agricultural performances at home." M. de Laveleye's paper contains many surprises; thus land in Flanders is very high-rented and leases are usually short; it is in spite of these drawbacks that a sandy waste has been turned into a garden. The model tenure seems to be the *Beklem regt* of Groningen, "a kind of hereditary lease, something like fixity of tenure." The landlord cannot raise the rent; the tenant cannot sub-divide, and must not diminish the value of the land. How would this answer in Ireland? It has kept Groningen in peace and comfort since the Middle Ages. Similar tenures exist in the Channel Islands and Brittany, and in Lombardy and Portugal.

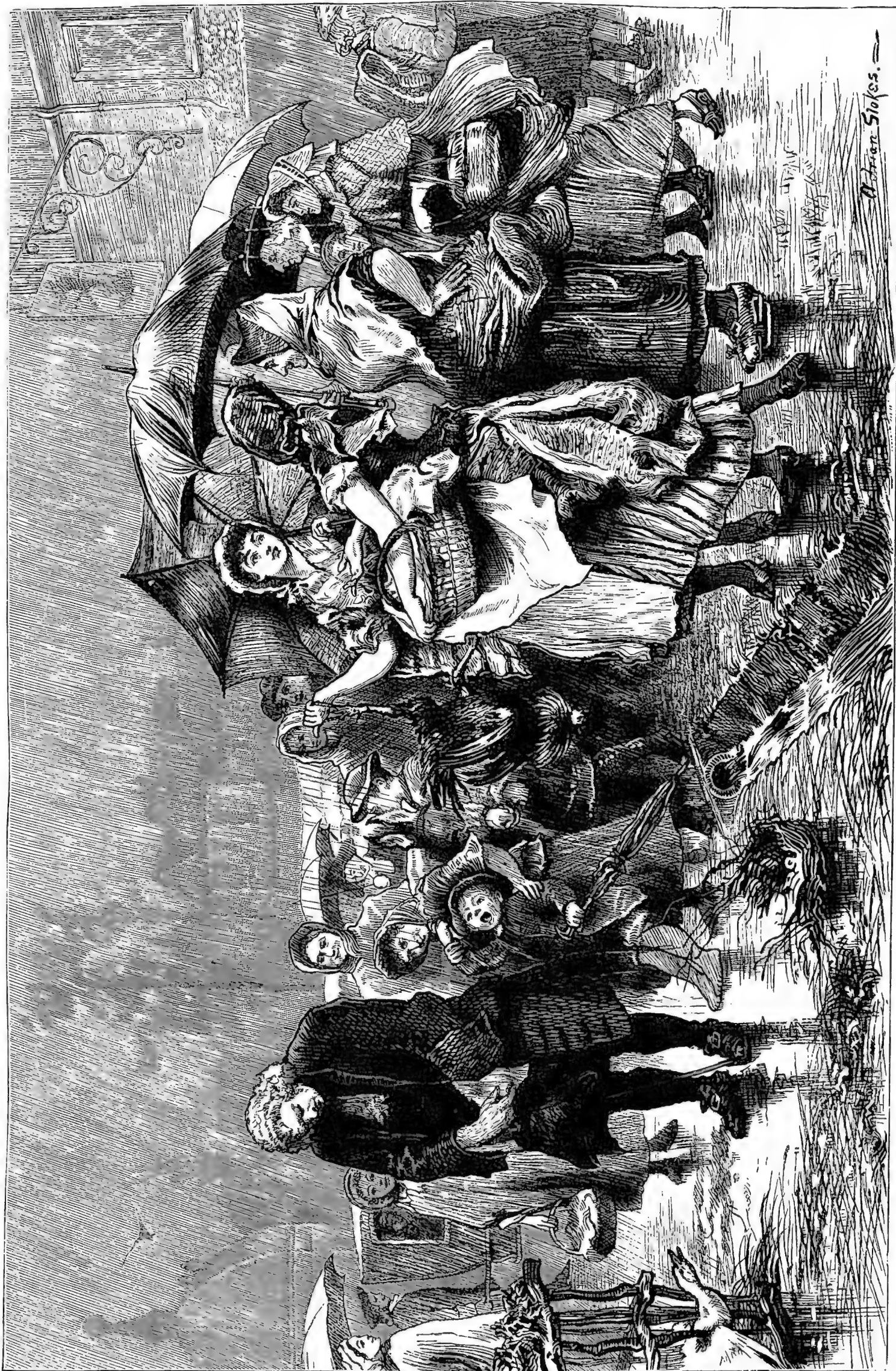
Such a splendid work as M. Charles Yriarte's "Florence" (J. Rothschild: Paris) must be classed with those luxurious books which authors and publishers give to the world with a view to reaping a reward in fame and honour only. If the reader wishes to know the delightful city of Florence, without the trouble of journeying thither, he cannot do better than peruse this work; that is, if he can get a copy, for it is both expensive and scarce, only a limited number of copies being issued. He will here learn the history of that famous family, the Medici, and *en passant* recognise in their escutcheon the familiar golden balls or pills of the London pawnbroker. He will, when he sees what commonplace, ugly persons the founders of this princely house were, remember that they were not regarded very warmly by those with whom they claimed equality—a claim which they were enabled to enforce simply by reason of their great wealth. Our own Edward IV. is said to have declared that he owed his crown to the money which they lent him. Every subject of interest has a special part. The familiar names of Dante, Giotto, Petrarch, Boccaccio, with many others, are found in the history of the intellectual movement. Art is reviewed from the period of the Etruscans and their Greek successors. Unlike most Italian cities, the progress of Florence has never been arrested. It is alive now, though it is less vigorous than in former times; and though the shining lights of past days, such as Michael Angelo and Benvenuto Cellini, are no longer present, reproductions of their masterpieces, their portraits, and their histories, together with copies of the pictures in the famous Pitti Palace, and much more than our space will allow us to mention, will be found in this delightful and remarkable volume.

We have hitherto omitted to note the enlargement of the popular "Magazine of Art" (Cassell). The new series commenced in November last, and we have before us the six parts since published. Both illustrations and letter-press are of the high standard appropriate to a work of this kind. Amongst the former we may specially mention "The Trial of Queen Katherine," from the picture by Laslett J. Pott, exhibited in last year's Academy; "A Charge of Witchcraft," by H. G. Glindon, which is a good specimen of the perfection to which wood-engraving has been brought; and the admirable etching, by Lalauze, of Mr. Erskine Nicol's powerful picture, "The Trio." Indeed, if there were nothing else in it but this etching the book would be well worth



"WEAL AND WOE"

FROM THE PICTURE BY CHARLES GREGORY, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY



"DR. JOHNSON'S PENANCE"

FROM THE PICTURE BY ADRIAN STOKES, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

"Once, indeed," said he, "I was disobedient; I refused to attend my father to Uttoxeter market. Pride was the source of that refusal, and the remembrance of it was painful. A few years ago I desired to atone for this fault; I went to Uttoxeter in very bad weather, and stood for a considerable time bare-headed in the rain, on the spot where my father's stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory." — *Doxey's Life of Johnson*.

Adrian Stokes.

purchasing. The literary portion is varied and interesting to an extraordinary degree, every subject in connection with Art being treated by acknowledged authorities. The treasure-houses of Art in England, the homes of our artists, wood carving, the decoration of the house, Art ornamentation upon arms and armour, china painting; the house, Art ornamentation upon arms and armour, china painting; every Art topic, in fact, not even omitting "Aesthetics in Seven Days," is well discussed and appropriately illustrated, and the magazine must be alike welcome to the artist and the artisan, the aristocratic amateur, and the thousands of busy workers in our towns and cities, in whom a love of the Beautiful has been and can be aroused. It is calculated to do valuable work in the training and direction of public taste.

"Clerical Anecdotes," by Jacob Larwood (Chatto and Windus), is a recent addition to that pleasant series called the "Mayfair Library." The author wisely refrains from claiming any originality for his work, and candidly confesses that it is the outcome of a long habit of desultory reading. There is a good deal in it, however, which will be fresh to the general reader, and the compilation is quite equal in interest to any other volume of the series.

Another cookery book! "Popular Lessons in Cookery" (Griffith and Farran) is by a former staff teacher of the National Training School of Cookery, and professes to be nothing more than a faithful transcript of "demonstration" lessons. It is published, we are informed, by the desire of numerous pupils; from which it may be inferred that it will prove useful also to the public at large.

"Children, and What to Do with Them," is the sixteenth volume of "Sylvia's Home Help Series" (Ward, Lock, and Co.), and, in the words of the title, is a plain, simple, common-sense guide to mothers, respecting the health, ailments, diet, clothing, exercise, education, employments, amusements, and general management of their boys and girls. A very useful, instructive, and we should think a popular little book.

As much, however, we do not feel inclined to say of "Sylvia's Book of the Toilet" (same publishers). We don't believe in ladies' or anybody else's "guides to beauty." A good deal of information, however, is here arranged in a convenient form, some of which, we are told, is "of importance to gentlemen."

The Society of Arts of Vienna, who are still employed on their formidable work, commenced nearly two years ago, have published another folio of the etchings executed in commemoration of the Silver Wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Austria. The present issue is in no way inferior to those which preceded it, and we may note one etching, which shows the Guild of Bookbinders, as being exceedingly vigorous in drawing, and at the same time thoroughly satisfactory in composition. In addition to these folios the Society has published a book describing the ceremonies and festivals of the Silver Wedding, illustrated throughout with etchings, heliogravures, and woodcuts.

We have also received the "Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, 1880" (Longmans and Co.); a fifteenth edition of the third series of "Plain Words," by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Bedford; "The District Visitor's Companion" (Elliot Stock), a handbook of instruction, help, and encouragement for those engaged in district visiting by the Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter; and "Every Man Has His Golden Chance," an illustrated collection of proverb stories, by Mrs. Riddell and other writers, for boys and girls (office of *London Society*).



MESSRS. REID BROTHERS.—From hence come six songs of fair average merit. Very pathetic, and calculated to draw tears to eyes even of those who are not over sensitive, is "Only a Child," a soprano song, written and composed by Nelson R. Tyerman and H. A. Muscat. "Riven Links," written and composed by Mrs. Draffen, is not only a pleasing song, but is published for an excellent charity; the whole proceeds from its sale are devoted for the benefit of "The Paralyzed Children's Ward" at the West End Hospital in Welbeck Street: a truly noble purpose.—There is nothing very new in "Lily, dear Lily!" more especially as regards the words. The music is a shade better; both are by W. J. Devers. The compass is from E first line to the octave above.—"Oh River, Shining River" is a pretty song for a soprano, very easy to sing. The words are by Frederic Clark, the music by William Borders.—A simple song for the schoolroom is "Sweetly in the Moonlight," written and composed by "A. M. T."; and of the same somewhat mild type is a soprano song, "The Treasured Rose," words by E. S. Oliver, music by Mary Oliver.—Very showy, and a trifle pompous, is "The British Army Grand March," by W. J. Vaughan, arranged for the pianoforte.—Both the artistic frontispiece, by T. Packer, and the melodious music, by W. Borders, of "The Valeria Waltzes" are highly to be commended.—The same may be said of "The Full Swing Galop," by Charles Davison.

MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON AND CO.—Tender and pathetic words by E. Oxenford, wedded to appropriate music by Franz Abt, are united in "The Bright Hereafter," a song for a tenor or mezzo-soprano.—Stanislaus Elliot has skilfully adapted as a "Slow March for the Organ" Kreutzer's celebrated 33rd Violin Study; it is worthy the attention of organists.—There is no lack of originality in a "Bourrée in E flat for the Pianoforte," by Brownlow Baker, but the fault of repetition, which applies to most of the models after the antique, may be discovered here.—Very like an advertisement is "The Bicycle Sonata," dedicated to a well-known Coventry firm. This sonata is written in the strict form (binary or duplex), so the composer, Stanislaus Elliot, informs us in an explanatory and apologetic preface, for he is too good a musician not to be aware that this so-called sonata is arant nonsense, unworthy of his pen.—"The Maiden's Dream," a companion reverie to the sigh and tear of the same sentimental damsel, is clever, as are most of Lillie Albrecht's compositions, but this is over-elaborate for the subject, and calculated to produce nightmare with a nervous student.

MESSRS. SCHOTT AND CO.—The Academic Committee of Trinity College, London, in 1879, awarded the first and second prizes to C. E. Stephens for two cleverly-written quartettes for two violins, alto and violoncello; they are worthy the attention of amateurs.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"Harold Glynde," a cantata, written by Edward Fokett, would really be too funny if the leading theme were not too serious for jesting. The hero, after marrying a charming wife, takes to drinking, and, by way of a cure, rushes off to the Antipodes, where, on learning—we conclude by telegram—that his son and heir is grievously sick, "he took the first ship and in three days set sail," arrives at home, finds the boy well, gives up wine, and they all live happy ever after. Surely this tale was written for a teetotal magazine. For this weak libretto a company of distinguished professional and amateur composers, including Dr. Stainer, C. S. Jekyll, of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal; George C. Martin, Mus. Bac., have contributed songs, duets, trios, &c. The whole affair is unworthy of those who have lent their names to this patchwork, so-called "Cantata," a title which is vague enough in its general acceptance to cover any amount of trash (F. Pittman).—"Together," a song written and composed by R. H. Cave and Philip de Soyres, with a violin *obbligato*, owes its charm to the *obbligato*, as without it there is nothing to redeem it from veritable

commonplace (Messrs. Augener and Co.).—Again Sir Walter Scott's charming lullaby, "Oh! Hush Thee, My Baby," has been set to music, this time as a pleasing soprano song by Greg Lonasil; it is certainly the best setting, excepting Sullivan's part song; it has come across (Messrs. Methven, Simpson, and Co.).—Two songs by James Sargeant are entitled respectively, "My Mare and I" and "A Sailor's Love," the former, for a bass, is racy and spirited, the latter, for a soprano, is tame and spiritless. Elizabeth Owens and George H. L. Edwards have written and composed a very homely song of medium compass, "I'll Think of Thee When Sailing" (John King).—Most of our readers have at times suffered from the irritating vagaries of a musical box or clock; if any of them would like to experience the same irritation twofold increased let them procure "The Swiss Clock," a pianoforte piece by Walter Spinney, from whom such a feeble joke would scarcely have been expected (Messrs. Wood and Co.).—A good pianoforte piece for the schoolroom, of a very amateurish flavour, is "Melody Capriccio in G," by Isabelle Harding (H. F. Roberts, Windsor).—A weak specimen of its kind is "The Zoë Waltz," by S. Marie, whom it may be hoped will do something better the next time she tries her hand at composition (C. Jefferys).



MISS BLACKBURN has scarcely written up to her usual mark in "Shadows in the Sunlight," (3 vols.: Cecil Brooks and Co.). It is mainly as a portrait-painter of Irish life and character that she has achieved well-deserved distinction, and though the principal characters and the opening scenes of her new novel are Irish, it is not upon their accidental nationality that the interest of the story falls, or is intended to fall. There are many novelists, without a tenth of Miss Blackburn's talent, who could have written as good a novel as "Shadows in the Sunlight," which bears the plainest traces of excessive hurry, and of over-confidence that a very genuine readiness of resource will serve as a substitute for careful planning and thinking. The plot hangs far too much upon accidents and coincidences—those slovenly makeshifts of idle or careless writers: and not a single character is worked into a consistent and living reality. Unfortunately, too much of the interest of the story is lost by making the misfortunes of Katie French depend upon her own almost incredible follies, while she is intended to appear as the victim of a wicked rival—a rival whose machinations would have been perfectly harmless except to so amazingly foolish a person as Katie. It need not be said that the romance is written with Miss Blackburn's usual ease and brightness of style, and with an almost reckless disregard for the difficulties which less ready and agile pens find so hard to overcome. But cordial admiration for her past work obliges us to warn Miss Blackburn against the dangers of over-haste and over-confidence, at any rate when she writes without distinctively Irish colouring. She can hardly have asked herself very seriously if, in this instance, her story was worth telling. By the way, it would be an interesting heraldic experiment if Miss Blackburn would try to draw an escutcheon "covered with a network of bar sinisters," and to explain what she supposes the form of even a single bar sinister to be.

The authoress of "Dorothy Brown, a Story of Everyday Life," by Margaret Lawrence Jones (1 vol.: Remington and Co.), appears to have published a volume of poems. There is a good deal of poetry scattered through her novel, and we are bound to say that it is a great deal better than her prose—which, by the way, is no uncommon thing, in the case of anybody who can write verse at all. The story is a sort of medley of gossip, with a colouring of religion and literature—everybody talks a good deal in what is supposed to be the clever and intellectual fashion common to the young ladies who are proud of liking poetry in the lumpy, and uncritically accept all poets *en masse*—Mr. Browning, Mr. Tupper, and all, but especially the great Anon. The choice of poetical chapter-headings, if rightly considered, throws a great deal of light upon the drift of an author's chapters; in the case of "Dorothy Brown" their curiously heterogeneous character, not to speak of their profusion, is a striking feature, perhaps the most striking in the whole novel. The book will serve for an easy spell of light reading, though as to story, the authoress is very much in the plight of the needy knife-grinder.

The novels of Miss Jean Middlemass always possess at least one great merit. If she seems to know little or nothing of the minds and manners of the inferior sex, she is very seldom at fault when dealing with her own. Her women may find themselves in the most incredible situations, and entangled with the most impossible young men: but they never fail to say or do something which could only occur to a more than commonly observant student of the feminine mind, as distinguished from the masculine. This quality distinguishes the stories published under the collective title of "Four in Hand" (3 vols.: Tinsley Bros.), no less than her longer flights in fiction. The situations are preposterously forced and far-fetched, the male characters hover between silliness, lunacy, and melodrama, but the women—with one notable exception—are consistently life-like and natural, if not always particularly attractive. The one exception is afforded by the conduct of a girl who has promised a friend to fulfil the latter's first request, whatever it may be. Her friend becomes her treacherous rival; and the first request she makes is that her victim shall not expose her treachery. The promise is kept; with the result that the reader finds it impossible to sympathise with such an impossible simpleton. Apart from their seemingly inseparable faults, all the four stories, especially the opening portion of "Purlton and Co.," are sufficiently interesting and amusing to fill an idle hour. Miss Middlemass ought to be told, however, that "Finis coronat opus" does not mean "The end crowns the beginning," and to be warned against the use of words of whose meaning she is not quite sure.

An ideal paragon of romance, who gets his living as principal agent to a private detective, is the decidedly remarkable hero of "A Death-Ring," by Edith Stewart Drewry (2 vols.: W. H. Moor and Co.). Even his name is romantic—it is Aubrey Delaware. The manner in which he goes to work is nearly as extraordinary as the combination of gentleman and hired spy. He is undoubtedly clever in utilising the services of the young lady to whom he has given his heart in order to get at the secret of the murder which he is engaged in unravelling; but why he should have indulged in all the melodramatic apparatus of midnight entries, chloroform, and velvet masks, when a plain and simple search-warrant would have effected his whole purpose, only a professed novelist is able to conceive. However, the whole story, though in many of its most high-flown parts absurd and extravagant to the point of burlesque, is really interesting, and compels attention, up to an exceptionally absurd trial for murder, in which an Attorney-General is made to examine witnesses who would never have been called, an eminent counsel for the defence to cross-examine them like an imbecile, and a jury to find a verdict of Guilty in a case wherein at least a dozen links were wanting. It certainly speaks volumes for Miss Drewry's skill in constructing a plot that, even with the key to her mystery which she has given in her preface, she maintains new and genuine interest in a detective story. Sympathy with the conduct of her heroine she can scarcely expect to obtain.



THE ADULTERATION OF LIQUORS is now systematically exposed by a Brussels periodical, the *Revue Vinicole*, which is specially published to explain the tricks of the trade respecting all kinds of drinks. The result is not altogether pleasant.

"PITY THE POOR BLIND" is an oft-repeated petition in the public streets, but in Paris an ingenious beggar has hit upon a new edition of the appeal. He crawls along leading the traditional poodle in a string, and utters his request with due pathos, but this time it is the poodle that is blind, not the man.

ANOTHER HISTORICAL FESTIVAL takes place in Bavaria this summer. Rothenburg on the Tauber intends to commemorate the 250th anniversary of its siege by Tilly during the Thirty Years' War, and a play, introducing the celebrities of the time, with strict attention to all historical and archaeological details, is already being rehearsed with great energy.

HINDOO WOMEN are fast emerging from the strict seclusion of their ancestors, for we now hear of a native Ladies' Elocution Society being established in Poona, where the first of a series of lectures will shortly be delivered in public by a lady elocutionist. Another sign of feminine advance, too, is the rapid increase of widow re-marriages, particularly in Bombay. Talking of weddings, by the way, there seems to be a perfect marriage epidemic in Poona, 400 happy couples having been united in one single week.

"MILK FROM THE CROWN PRINCE'S DAIRY" is now being sold in Berlin, where the good housewives are eager purchasers, in consequence of the great purity of the fluid. The Crown Prince furnishes the milk from his domain at Paretz, where the choicest cattle are reared, and which was the favourite seat of his grand-parents, Frederic William III. and Louise. A similar plan was followed by the first wife of the Great Elector, who had the product of her dairy near the Spandau Gate sold in the Molkenmarkt.

THE ART OF BURGLARY has hitherto been inadvertently taught to a considerable extent in German prisons. Until lately it was usual to put thieves to work out their sentence in a department with locksmiths and other workers in iron, and here they gained such useful knowledge for their trade as to be perfect adepts on their release. Suddenly the authorities perceived their mistake, and the Home Minister commands that no such gratuitous instruction shall be given at the expense of the State to those desirous to perfect themselves in their "profession."

GENERAL GRANT'S FAMOUS SMOKING PROPENSITIES are declared by the General himself to be due to the public and the newspapers. As a cadet at West Point tobacco made him ill, and he could scarcely smoke at all until the beginning of the Civil War, when he found that a cigar relieved any heavy mental strain, and so often went into battle weed in mouth. On other occasions he smoked very little, yet to his surprise he found the newspapers making a point of his smoking, and soon boxes of excellent cigars were sent to him from all parts of the country. There were so many that he supplied many of his officers, and gradually as time went on he acquired the habit, which has now become a necessity.

FREE ADMISSION TO ARTISTIC COLLECTIONS seems to be somewhat unpleasantly too successful in highly-cultured Boston, to judge from some remarks in the *American Architect* respecting the Museum of Fine Arts. Saturdays and Sundays are free days, and the attendance is accordingly from fourteen to twenty times as large as on other days, two or three thousand persons so crowding the rooms as to prevent any but the most cursory glance at the pictures. The great majority of these visitors are people who could well afford to pay the admission fee of 2s., and who ought to take the opportunity of the pay days to study seriously the different works of Art. Although the charge for season-tickets is very low, only some 6l. worth were bought during the year.

JAPANESE THEATRES are curiously simple in their scenic arrangements. There are no traps or other accessories, everything is done by hand, yet the minor details are singularly realistic. If a man is stabbed the sword is withdrawn, not bright and unblemished, but by some strange arrangement actually dripping with a perfect imitation of blood. When the old heroic pieces of classical Japanese writers are being acted, the performers assume a set and almost stupid expression and affected diction, although in a modern piece they speak naturally enough. The performance lasts from eight in the morning till midnight, so the audience prepare for a whole day's pleasure, take their pipes, and are provided with food by itinerant vendors. They sit stolidly silent, never smiling or applauding the varied bill of fare, which generally consists of a farce, a sensational melodrama, and a modern piece.

A SIGHT TO MAKE ARCHEOLOGISTS WEEP was recently seen in Southern France, when a picturesque sixteenth-century castle was picked to pieces and sent stone by stone to Paris to be sold by auction. Built by a sorrowing widow, the Chateau de Montal was a somewhat melancholy edifice, for the funeral motto, "No more hope," was to be seen in all prominent places, while one of the favourite statues was a headless figure holding a bony skull. Nevertheless, the building contained some beautiful carving and portraits, but as it was much dilapidated the proprietor determined to pull it down and sell the materials, the freight alone costing him 1,400l. Nor are the Portuguese authorities of Damaun, in the East Indies, more respectful to ancient ruins, for being in want of stones to mend the roads to the fort, they have destroyed a most curious old church for this purpose, regardless of the desecration of the graves of numerous celebrated countrymen. The Germans are more polite, and if they do occasionally turn a historical fortress into a tavern, they at least leave it intact. Thus, the Bavarian fortress of Wuelzburg has lately been sold for 438l., after having, during an existence of over ten centuries, alternately served as chapel, monastery, priory, and stronghold, capitulating to Tilly in 1631. Bought by a Nuremberg contractor, the fortress will probably be made a restaurant.

THE WEDDING PRESENTS FOR THE PRINCESS STÉPHANIE, future Empress of Austria, will be exceptionally splendid. One of the most valuable gifts is the suite of jewels presented by Buda Pesth, and including a silver waist-belt in chainwork, formed of small square scales, each of which contains a fine opal in the centre, with diamonds sparkling in the corner. The opal and diamond necklet reaches to the waist, and from it hangs the Belgian lion in jewels, while fourteen buckles for the dress and six hair-pins are added to the usual earrings, bracelets, &c. Fiume sends a characteristic specimen of her celebrated "Moretti" work, earrings and necklace, the latter consisting of a fine Venetian chain, on which are strung sixty gold rosettes, with shining black negro heads enamelled on each, and a ruby in the centre, forming a most effective contrast. The Comtesse de Flandre gives her niece a gold and jewelled fan, on which is painted a wedding procession, wherein the shepherd bride and bridegroom resemble Princess Stéphanie and Prince Rudolph, and the Queen of the Belgians presents an exquisite piece of Brussels lace for flounces or a train, delicate as a spider's web, and costing 4,400l., the accompanying handkerchiefs being worth 2,800l. a pair. The most elaborate handkerchief, however, is one being worked by a girls' school in Prague, which has a border of silk-embroidered crowns in relief, with an S below, while in the four corners are wrought the Bohemian lion, the Austrian eagle, the Belgian arms, and an S surrounded by flowers.



"SHALL I SAY YES?"

FROM THE PICTURE BY E. K. JOHNSON, EXHIBITED AT MCLEAN'S GALLERY

THE "GARTH CASTLE"

ON the 16th December last another large steamer of 3,700 tons gross register was launched from the building yard of Messrs. John Elder and Co., at Govan, for Messrs. Donald Currie and Co.'s Castle Line of South African packets. She was named the *Garth Castle*, after the ancient keep of that name, recently purchased with the Garth estate by Mr. Donald Currie, M.P. Messrs. Elder have since launched for the same firm a sister-ship, called the *Drummond Castle*.

The length of the *Garth Castle* is 365 feet, her breadth 43 feet 6 inches, and her depth 32 feet 9 inches. Her hull is divided into nine watertight compartments, provided with sliding watertight and fire-proof doors. These arrangements entitle her to be entered in the Admiralty List as a first-class transport. She can accommodate 150 first class, 120 second class, and 100 steerage passengers. 120 persons can dine at the same time in the saloon. She is brig-rigged, and the masts and yards are of steel. The engines are nearly of 3,000 indicated horse-power. She is steered by steam, steering wheels being placed on the upper bridge or permanent deck, while additional steering gear is provided at the stern. She is classed the highest class at Lloyd's. Like the other vessels of the fleet, the *Garth Castle* is fitted for war purposes, the three decks being of iron, and sufficiently strong to bear heavy guns. At the trial trip on February 18th, her mean speed over the measured mile was 14.32 knots per hour.

In 1872, when Messrs. Donald Currie and Co. began the line, they had no vessels over 1,200 or 1,300 tons. They have now a fleet of nineteen ships, with an aggregate tonnage of over 40,000. The sailings take place for the Cape every fortnight (before long they will be weekly), and the average passage occupies twenty-one days, though the *Granville Castle* and the *Kinsfams Castle* have performed the distance in a day and a-half less than this. The *Garth Castle* left Dartmouth for the Cape on the 1st of April.

"DR. JOHNSON'S PENANCE"

THIS affecting passage in the life of the great philosopher is well known by all his admirers, and is fully explained by the sentence quoted



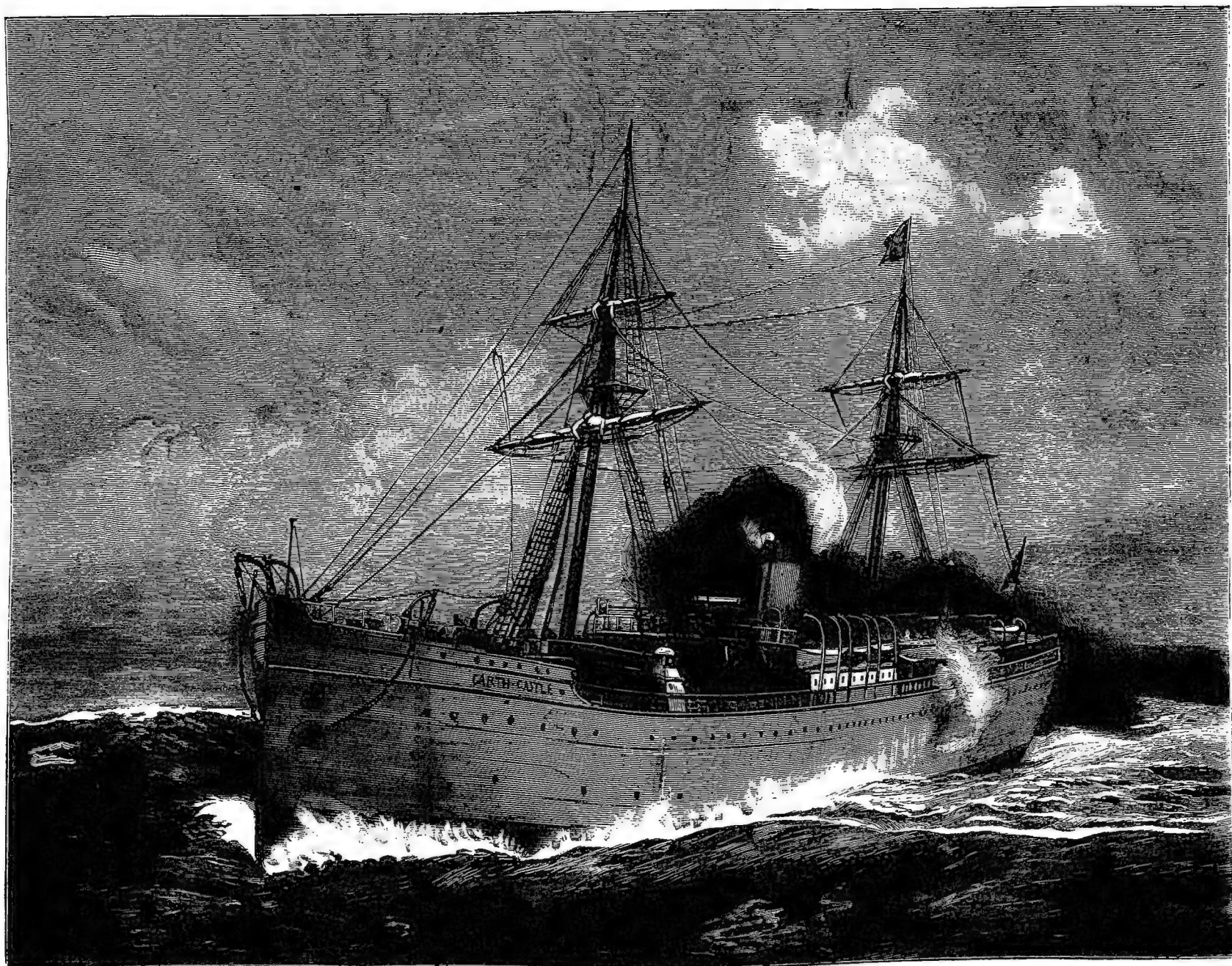
MR. J. A. CAMERON

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE "STANDARD" DURING THE RECENT CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE BOERS

underneath the engraving. We may add, however, that at the time of Johnson's boyhood booksellers' shops in the provincial towns of England were very rare. There was not one even in Birmingham, where accordingly Mr. Michael Johnson (the philosopher's father), the Lichfield bookseller and stationer, used to open a temporary shop, or stall, every market day. In this manner he occasionally resorted to several towns in the neighbourhood, Uttoxeter among others. That he was highly esteemed, is shown by the following extract from a letter, written in 1716 from Trentham by the Rev. George Plaxton, Lord Gower's chaplain:—"Johnson, the Lichfield librarian, is now here; he propagates learning all over this diocese, and advanceth knowledge to its just height; all the clergy here are his pupils, and suck all they can from him."

"OLD ACTORS"

MR. SMALLFIELD'S picture introduces us to two well-known theatrical celebrities of the middle of the eighteenth century. John Rich, the famous harlequin, was the last proprietor of the old theatre in Portugal Street. Here he produced the *Beggar's Opera*, which was acted scores of nights together all over England, and which was punningly said to have made "Gay Rich, and Rich Gay." In 1732 Rich removed to the new theatre in Covent Garden, which he built on a plot of land leased from the Duke of Bedford. Margaret, commonly called "Peg" Woffington, whose first interview with the cat-loving manager is here depicted, was of Irish origin, and was born in Dublin in 1718. Tom Davies, a good authority, seeing that he had a very pretty wife of his own, says that she was the handsomest woman that ever appeared upon the stage. She was famous for performing in male attire, and chose for her *début* the part of Sir Harry Wildair. She openly preferred the conversation of men to women—the latter, she said, talking of "nothing but silks and scandal." In 1757, while playing Rosalind in *As You Like It*, her best rôle, she was suddenly stricken with paralysis, and carried off the stage, never to return to it. Rich was a man of no education, and is traditionally reported to have had the habit when conversing of saying "Mister," instead of "Sir."



THE "GARTH CASTLE," NEW STEAMER OF THE CASTLE LINE OF SOUTH AFRICAN MAIL PACKETS

to the foot, nor can anything else be expected when they are made up of bits and scraps each supplied by a different hand.

HER MAJESTY'S MAIL COACHMEN.—The sweets of office are not likely to clog the pampered palates of Her Majesty's servants employed in the subordinate departments of the General Post Office. The smart mail-cart driver in his Royal livery, renewed punctually each recurring First of May, has probably been an individual regarded with envy by his humbler brethren of the whip, who, recognising the importance of the trust reposed in him, never disputed his pre-eminence of right of way however crowded the thoroughfare. It will occasion some surprise in the Jehu family generally to learn that the custodian of Her Majesty's Metropolitan Mails in transit from one point to another is in receipt of considerably less wages than would satisfy a bricklayers' labourer, or even a street scavenger. According to a case recently brought before a police magistrate, the officials of the grade in question work sixteen hours daily, and the pay is twenty-two shillings weekly—three and eightpence a day, or twopenny three-farthings an hour. Such, at least, was the statement made in Court, and as the magistrate intimated that he imposed a lighter penalty for the serious offence (drunkenness) than he otherwise should, on account of the many hours the man was kept at work, it may be taken that it was true. It is of course undeniable that scanty pay is not a sufficient excuse for gross neglect of duties voluntarily undertaken, but in the present instance it is not difficult to understand that if a man is kept at work nearly twice as many hours as a skilled mechanic regards as representing a fair working day, the temptation to take something stimulative may be hard to resist. It is out of all reason to place an individual in a position of trust, and one that demands the exercise of vigilance and shrewd attention, and at the same time to overwork him day by day until he is physically and mentally exhausted. It further appears from the report of a meeting held a few days since, that the auxiliary letter-carriers are about to petition the Postmaster-General for some improvement in their pay, which at present is fixed at half-a-crown a day of eight hours.

CHERRY GARDEN STAIRS.—If on the banks of the Thames there is one spot the name of which is suggestive of blissful repose after the healthful fatigue of a ten-mile pull on the river, it is Cherry Garden Stairs. Without any previous knowledge of the locality, its present appellation provides an almost sufficient inducement to take "first oars" at Queenhithe any one of these light and balmy spring mornings, and proceed thither to enjoy a quiet hour in contemplating the full-blomed orchard trees, all the while inhaling the sweet perfume of the wealth of flowers that enrich the old-fashioned garden. There must be an adjacent garden, or how came the Stairs to be so dubbed? A garden attached to a homely little tavern with its bow parlour window jutting over the river, with trellised greenery and an arbour seat, where on a summer day a tankard of cold ale and a fragrant pipe are luxuries with which the pomp of palaces cannot compare. Cheery company, too, should be found at Cherry Garden Stairs. It should be a place where watermen ply, young some of them, and jolly, and all of them attired in smart fresh-water sailor rig, and contributing charmingly to the picturesqueness of the scene. Alas for misleading mind's eye pictures, and also for bygone times. Time may have been when such delights existed, but not a scrap or reminder remains. The trim-built wherry need not be hired to convey one there. At a cost of a single penny Cherry Garden Stairs may be reached from London Bridge, but there is no longer a garden, and the bowery little tavern, if it ever stood there, has passed out of the memory of man. The "Stairs" themselves are an iron-bound rigid flight leading up to a steamboat pier, standing stiffly in the mud at low water on its monstrous square wooden legs, and so selfishly unsympathetic it is as regards the ancient industry it has usurped that on either side is exhibited a notice that all craft made fast to its timbers will be immediately cut adrift. It is a bleak and barren spot, hedged-in with wharves and granaries, and the watermen who still haunt the landing-place are a set of melancholy and morose old men who sit in a row and dream of time-past pleasure parties and guinea fares to Chelsea or Vauxhall, and wake up to ferry a stray passenger across the river for a penny.



NATURAL HISTORY CURIOSITIES.—Under this heading may be placed a Camberwell Beauty (*Vanessa antiopa*), taken on the 16th of April, and some fieldfares still lingering in Leicestershire. A vegetarian cat is also a curiosity. A kitten which has a habit of eating raw potatoes, cucumbers, and other vegetables, is the property of the well-known naturalist, Mr. A. H. Keane.

A RECENT DECISION would appear to show that it is a mistake to suppose farmers, as farmers, may keep sheep dogs without taking out a license. They may only do so when they also keep sheep.

AGRICULTURAL SHOWS will be held at Oxford on the 25th of May, and at Crediton on the same day. Manchester Horse Show opens on May 12, and remains open for five days.

NORFOLK AGRICULTURE really seems to be in a very bad way. At the recent farmers' meeting at Lynn the tone was most dispiriting, and both Mr. Clare S. Read and Mr. Tyssen Amherst barely attempted to put a cheerful face on the matter. Hopeful statements were received incredulously, and speakers had the meeting most with them when they uttered the strongest statements of depression and bad prospects. "One-Sided Free Trade" was boldly declared by the Chairman, Mr. Read, to be "the one cause of which the present agricultural distress is the outcome." The meeting unanimously resolved that "the state of the agricultural interest demands the serious attention of Government and of the country." We hope the county members will indeed urge the state of agriculture on the reassembled Parliament.

FOXES will sometimes show fight, as was discovered the other day by a plucky hound of the East Lothian hunt. While the rest of the pack broke off on the scent of a second fox, one hound kept to the first unearthened, until the exhausted fox, either finding his pursuers reduced to one, or else fairly worked off his legs, turned to bay under a furze bush. A fierce tussle ensued, and, had not a shepherd with his collie intervened, the hound would probably have been killed.

BUCKTHORN.—It is strange to hear from Salisbury of a woman having unconsciously poisoned her little child by applying buckthorn as a cure for the irritation caused by vaccination.

SUNFLOWERS are recommended for planting round houses in low-lying feverish and malarious districts. They have, on a smaller scale, many of the good effects of the Eucalyptus trees.

THREE COUNTRY MANSIONS have now been on fire within the space of as many weeks. The want of water, which would cause fires to be almost certainly most disastrous at an immense number of our country seats, is not less remarkable than it is to be deplored. Science assuredly has not left our hands empty. There are many ingenious appliances, and artificial water is an adornment to an estate, which is also well worth looking upon as a protection. Expenditure in such a direction is indeed half an insurance.

FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE has broken out afresh in Oxfordshire and Dorsetshire, but elsewhere it has now almost died out. The markets have now quite resumed their usual busy character.

WOOL is selling at elevenpence per pound, lambs' fleeces at eightpence. For farmers these prices are disappointingly low.

WILD BIRDS' PROTECTION ACT.—This new statute continues to be briskly enforced. The slaughterer of some wild ducks at Boness has become acquainted with a statute of which he professed entire ignorance, while sundry persons brought to book for shooting crows have been greatly astonished to learn that even that bird now had "the law on its side."

SPRING BIRDS.—We noticed some swallows by Shepperton Lock on Easter Sunday, and some sand-martins in the same district on the following day. Five swallows were seen on Good Friday at the Start Lighthouse, and the same birds have been noticed in most parts of Ireland. They reached the Lake District as early as the 11th of April. The cuckoo has been distinctly heard in Devonshire since the 15th of April, on which day its cry was first heard. The willow-wren has reached the Lake District.

LAWYERS, says the *Law Journal*, cannot professionally complain of a Land Bill which seems to convert the relations of landlord and tenant into one long litigation. Considering that the House of Commons contains some professional exponents of political economy, we should look for their opposition to any measure greatly increasing the sums spent upon the "unproductive classes."

TO PLANT ELM AND OAK on a hundred acres of heavy clay land in Essex is a plan which a well-known landowner is about to adopt. Surely there must be something wrong before such an idea in such a district could even come to be entertained. Are we to return to the time when the Romans found Britain little other than one vast forest?

AGRICULTURAL CO-OPERATION.—Writing to the Secretary of the Norfolk Chamber of Agriculture, Lord Waveney says farming in England has hitherto been conducted on the principle of isolation having the appearance of independence. It is necessary, however, that farmers should combine for the purpose of obtaining steam power, providing funds for the purchase of stock, and for other objects. Lord Waveney appreciates King David's remark about not putting much trust in princes, but adds a salutary caution of his own against putting too much trust in Parliaments.

DEVONSHIRE AGRICULTURISTS receive somewhat different advice from Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, who said that all the tenant farmer needs is a sense of certainty that no improper advantage will be taken of him in consequence of the investment of his money in another man's land. This the worthy baronet declares to be more important than any theoretical schemes or plans of co-operation.

LANDLORDS, says Sir Thomas Acland, must also have certainty that they will not become liable at some future day to indefinite claims for payment on account of alleged improvements. Sir Stafford Northcote's colleague has the rare faculty of seeing two sides of a question. The gift is an inconvenient one to a strong party man, but the Devon Chamber of Agriculture are fortunate in having a member confident and able to offer well-balanced advice in a crisis. There are several other points in the paper to which space alone precludes our giving the attention they deserve.

THERE WERE FEW at the Norfolk Fisheries Exhibition who did not miss the genial presence of Mr. Frank Buckland. The good old City of Norwich was thoroughly *en fête*, and along the frieze of one building we read—

"FLUVIOS DUM PISCIS AMABIT
DUMQUE THYMO PASCENTER APES, DUM RORE CICADÆ,
SEMPER HONOS, NOMENQUE TUUM LAUDESQUE MANE-
BUNT."

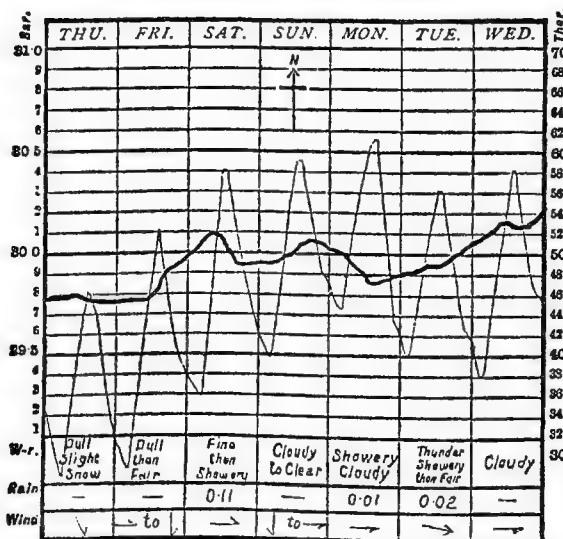
Applied as an epitaph on Frank Buckland, the lines would have rare force, for fish in the rivers, and bees among the thyme, and grasshoppers chirping from the morning dew, had in him a human friend and interpreter hardly less gifted with knowledge of Nature's languages than was Æsop failed to be of old.

DISTRESS FOR RENT.—Mr. Biddell, M.P., contributes to the *Land Agents' Record* a long letter on this subject, in which, although himself a Conservative and himself a land agent, he maintains that the landlord's right of distress should be limited to a year, or at the most eighteen months.

"**TITHES**," said Mr. Newton Delf, at a recent meeting of the Essex Chamber of Agriculture, "were at first voluntary, till in the year 792 King Offa made them compulsory by way of penance for the murder of a neighbouring monarch and the abduction of his daughter." Hence, Mr. Delf argued, we should return to a voluntary tithe system. The astonishing thing is that the worthy Essex farmers seem to have listened to this learned fooling with the most exemplary patience. But then, perhaps, they were most of them asleep.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

APRIL 21 TO APRIL 27 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the approximate time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of this period has been, on the whole, cloudy and unsettled, though very little rain has fallen. At the commencement of the period temperature was very low for the time of year, and a few showers of sleet or snow fell, but during the next day or two the thermometer rose steadily, until on Monday (25th inst.) a maximum of 61 deg. was reached. Some smart showers of rain fell on Saturday evening (23rd inst.), and a few slight ones on Monday (25th inst.). On Tuesday (26th inst.) the weather again changed, cool and heavy squalls of hail and rain occurred, with a slight thunderstorm about 1.30 p.m. On Wednesday (27th inst.) the sky continued cloudy, with a very threatening appearance at times, while reports from distant stations showed that the weather was unsettled generally, and might be expected to continue so for at least a day or two. The barometer has been unsteady all the week, but the changes have been neither sudden nor extensive. The barometer was highest (30.17 inches) on Wednesday (27th inst.); lowest (29.77 inches) on Thursday and Friday (21st and 22nd inst.); range, 0.40 inches. Temperature was highest (61 deg.) on Monday (25th inst.); lowest (28 deg.) on Thursday (21st inst.); range, 33 deg. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.14 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.11 inches, on Saturday (23rd inst.).



MR. BRADLAUGH AND THE OATH.—The Court of Appeal (Lords Justices Bramwell, Brett, and Cotton) have granted leave to Mr. Bradlaugh to argue a point on the question of "religious belief" in the case "*Clarke v. Bradlaugh*," which he had not argued before the Court gave judgment against him. He will be heard next Monday.

THE "FREIHEIT" continues to appear notwithstanding the detention of its late editor, Herr Most, pending his trial. The issue of Saturday last contains an article, surrounded by a mourning border, denouncing the execution of the murderers of the late Czar, who are praised as "martyrs" and "sacrifices."

FORGED BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES have been discovered in circulation at Sheffield. They are dated May 19, 1880, and the engraving is wonderfully perfect, even to the microscopic marks known only to the initiated, but the fraud may be detected by the absence of the watermarks.

THE SPIRITUALIST CASE, recently tried at the Central Criminal Court, is about to be re-opened, Sir J. Ingham having granted a summons against Mrs. Hart Davies on three assignments of perjury: one relating to the value of the property; another to her repudiation of the charge of adultery, which she did not deny when her first husband brought his action for divorce; and the third, to her denial of having stolen certain letters from Mrs. Fletcher's house in Gordon Street when she and Dr. Mack took away her property.

A SAFETY JEWEL CASE, of very ingenious construction, has just been patented by Mr. W. Hardy, jun., of Thistleton, Grant-ham. It contains a powerful automatic alarm, which is held in check so long as the case remains stationary, but which is set in action as soon as it is moved, and continues ringing loudly for eleven minutes, the only possible means of stopping the noise being the unlocking or breaking open of the case itself, thus making its undetected abstraction from bedroom, boudoir, or railway carriage a feat of extreme difficulty. The sole maker is Mr. Frank Mitchell, 33, High Street, Stamford.

"CRIMPS" AND SAILORS.—On Saturday last the police made a raid upon a "boarding house" in Limehouse, and arrested a number of Chinese and Lascar seamen, part of the crew of the steamship *North*, who, after receiving their advance notes, had been tempted by the boarding-house keeper to desert. Two were engaged in opium smoking, and the rest were dragged from beneath beds and from other hiding places, and marched out of the house in the face of a crowd of their countrymen, who at one time threatened a rescue, and sent off by rail to rejoin their ship at Glasgow. This is the first case of the kind in which the police have acted under the provisions of the Merchant Shipping Amendment Act, which has recently come into force. No proceedings appear to have been taken for the punishment of the boarding-house keeper.

INSPECTOR TODMAN, of the N Division of the Metropolitan Police, has been missing since the 20th inst., and it is feared that he has been waylaid and murdered. On that day he left home in plain clothes with about 160l. to pay the officers and men of his subdivision, and on his way to the various stations would have to pass through some very lonely places frequented by gipsies. He had been in the force eighteen years, and was entitled to an immediate retiring pension of 80l. or 90l. per year.

THE TREATMENT OF LUNATICS.—A statement which appears to reflect seriously on the management of the Banstead County Lunatic Asylum was made the other day at the Thames Police Court by a Mrs. Roden, who said that her daughter, Mrs. Catherine Wells, who had been an inmate of that institution since 1878, had complained to her relatives of being ill-used and kept without proper nourishment; that the authorities had refused an application for her discharge; and that her death, which occurred on Wednesday last week, had not been notified to them until three days afterwards. She further alleged that the body was extremely emaciated, as though death had resulted from starvation, and that, in addition to this, it bore several marks of bruises. The magistrate advised the applicant to send a full statement of the facts to the Commissioners of Lunacy.

A CURIOUS POINT OF LAW.—Last week, before the Middlesex magistrates, the Conservators of the Thames appealed against an order made by the Uxbridge magistrates dismissing their complaint against the sanitary authorities of the town for allowing offensive matter to flow into the river, on account of which they had claimed 100l. damages. The defendants' counsel argued that no one who had been once acquitted could be again tried for the same offence, but the Bench unanimously decided to allow the appeal, so that the case might go before a jury, and refused to grant a case for the opinion of a superior Court on the point raised, the Assistant Judge remarking that the large powers given by the Summary Jurisdiction Act embraced cases giving the right of appeal against the decisions of magistrates.

A DETERMINED SUICIDE.—The other day a man named Hall, in the employ of an officer at Sandhurst College, who had absconded with a cheque for 60l. belonging to his master, was arrested at London Bridge Station by a detective, and while on the way to the police-station shot himself dead with a revolver, which he had concealed in his sleeve.

THE SLOUGH MURDER.—The youth Payne has now been committed for trial for the murder of Mrs. Reville. He preserves his cool demeanour, and still asserts his innocence.

THE USE OF PETROLEUM AS FUEL ON RAILROADS seems likely to prove very successful in the United States, where recent experiments promise that the liquid fuel will be cheaper and altogether better than coal. The plan was tried first in a manufacturing establishment by means of an apparatus similar to that employed in Russia, in which the petroleum drops slowly into a metallic box, where it is met by a jet of steam, and driven in a flaming spray through the furnace. Now the Pennsylvania Railroad have adopted the process on trial. As the crude product, or even the refuse of the refineries can be employed, the cost will be low, and much saving will be effected in labour. In Iowa, by the way, a farmer has found out that corn is considerably cheaper to burn than coal.

LIVERIED SERVANTS are just now the rage in San Francisco, according to the *News Letter*, and every carriage is accompanied by a pair of solemn attendants in sombre uniforms. This is yet another copy of British fashionable society, which the Americans are always secretly anxious to imitate, despite their national theory of equality, and even Transatlantic ladies are trying hard to induce their independent "helps" to don the cap and apron of the English servant-maid. As to the men-servants, the *News Letter* angrily declares that they are all foreign importations, and wonders whether any true American could be bribed to wear a livery. "Study the physiognomy of those individuals as they sit perched up behind those glossy horses, exalted monuments of flunkeyism in this home of the free and land of the brave, and you will find them to a man exotics."

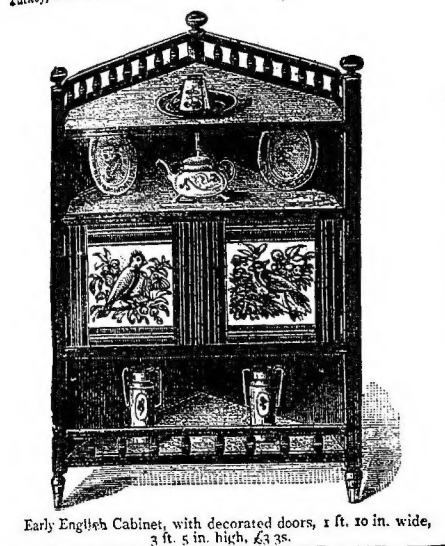
APRIL 30, 1887

NOTICE.
TURKEY CARPETS. 5,000 to select from.
TURKEY CARPETS of Finest Quality.
TURKEY CARPETS from 4 Guineas each.
TURKEY CARPETS, 9 ft. 6 in. by 7 ft., £5.
TURKEY CARPETS, 20 ft. by 14 ft., £23 10s.
THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT of
ORIENTAL CARPETS.
A PERSIAN CARPET for 36s.
THESE GOODS, regularly IMPORTED
by MAPLE and CO., measure about 3 yards long by 5 ft. wide.
MAPLE and CO.,
IMPORTERS of ORIENTAL CARPETS of every descrip-
tion. Wholesale and Retail.
145 to 149, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.

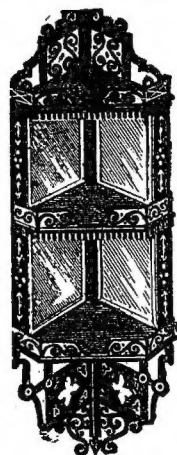
CARPETS.
A MANUFACTURER'S STOCK of
CARPETS, consisting of about 400 pieces. The patterns are
 good, useful, wearing ones, but old designs; the prices wonderfully
 low, being 9d. per yard under manufacturer's present list. Hotel
 proprietors should inspect this stock.

PARQUET FLOORING.
PARQUET can now be supplied to any room
 without disturbing the existing floor, the average cost (including
 laying and polishing) for surrounding with Parquet a Persian,
 Turkey, Indian, or Square Carpet being about £3.

PARQUET
FLOORING.
PARQUET can now be supplied to any room
 without disturbing the existing floor, the average cost (including
 laying and polishing) for surrounding with Parquet a Persian,
 Turkey, Indian, or Square Carpet being about £3.



Early English Cabinet, with decorated doors, 1 ft. 10 in. wide,
 3 ft. 5 in. high, £3 3s.



Handsome Chippendale Corner
 Bracket, 1 ft. 2 in. high, with
 four bevelled plates, 28s. 6d.

CURTAINS.

ART CURTAINS.—
 The largest and choicest selection
 of all the new materials for curtains
 and the coverings of furniture.
 Some of these are also used by ladies
 for dresses. Rich Silks, Tapestries,
 and in fact every artistic material in
 stock.

CRETONNES.

5,000 Pieces.

MAPLE and CO.—
CRETONNE CHINTZ.—
 The largest stock of this new and
 fashionable material in London;
 some new and exclusive designs just
 received, not to be obtained elsewhere.
 Those who study taste should
 see these goods before ordering.

ABOUT 250 Pieces,
 equal to 20,000 Yards, of
FRENCH CRETONNES, including
 some of the best old patterns, of
 which no more can be obtained.
 These goods are to be cleared at
 nearly half the original prices.

Summer Curtains,

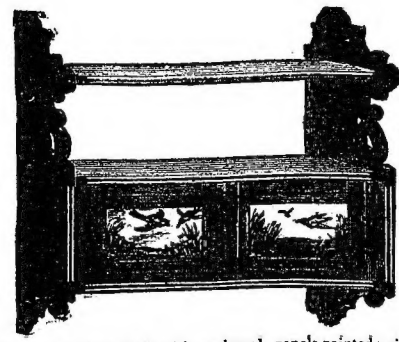
3,000 PAIRS.

Muslin, Leno, and Net at greatly
 reduced prices.

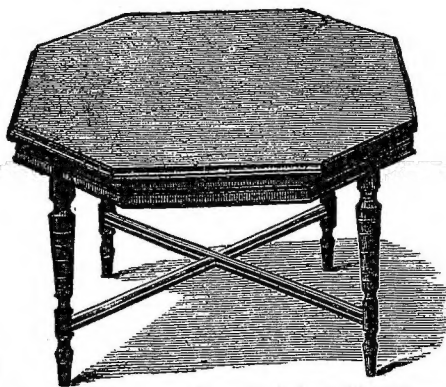
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Black and Gold Shelf, with cupboard, panels painted; size
 23 in. long by 2 ft. 2 in. high, £1 15s. 6d.



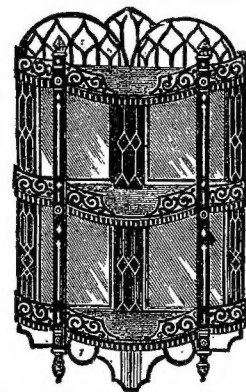
Early English Octagonal Table, ebonized, 3 ft. 6 in. diameter,
 £3 3s.

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THE LARGEST AND MOST CONVENIENT
FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT
IN THE WORLD.

A House of any magnitude Furnished throughout in Three Days:
 saving time, trouble, and expense. A great advantage to Country
 Customers. Purchasers are invited to inspect the Manufactured
 Stock—the largest in England.

MAPLE & CO.
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON.
An Illustrated Catalogue, containing the price of
every article required in Furnishing, post free.



The Gothic Chippendale Bracket,
 four bevelled plates; size, 32 in.
 high, 20 in. wide, 45s. 6d.

CHIPPENDALE
FURNITURE, DRAWING-
ROOM CABINETS, from £7 7s. 6
 50 guineas; some of these are very
 handsome. Glasses and Suites complete.
 Bed-room Sets and Dining-
 room Suites in the same style.
 Brackets and Fancy Ornaments, from
 15s.—MAPLE and CO.

MANUFACTURERS
of BED-ROOM SUITES.
500 BED ROOM
SUITS, from 6½ to 200
 Guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES,
 in Pine, 6½ Guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES,
 Enamelled, 10 Guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES,
 in Solid Ash, with plate-glass
 door to Wardrobe, 20 Guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES,
 in Solid Walnut, in the Early
 English style, with plate-glass Ward-
 robe, 24 Guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES,
 Enamelled, 15 Guineas (in the
 Gothic style).

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DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. MAPLE and CO. beg
 respectfully to state that this depart-
 ment is now so organized that they
 are fully prepared to supply any
 article that can possibly be required
 in furnishing at the same price, if
 not less than any other house in
 England. Patterns sent and quotations
 given free of charge.

Summer Curtains.

3,000 PAIRS.

Muslin, Leno, and Net at greatly
 reduced prices.

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DRAWING ROOM FURNITURE
DINING ROOM FURNITURE
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MAPLE & CO., MANUFACTURERS.
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Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

ART FURNITURE.—MAPLE and CO.
 have at the present time a most wonderful assortment of NEW
 and ARTISTIC FURNITURE on SHOW. An Illustrated Cata-
 logue, containing the price of every article required in furnishing.

BEDSTEADS.
BEDSTEADS.
BEDSTEADS.
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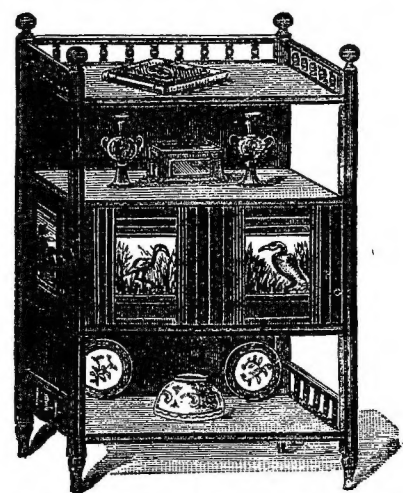
10,000
 Brass
 and
 Iron
 in
 Stock,
 from
 8s. 9d. to
 30 Gs.

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 Illustrations
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LINENS.—£9 complete Set of HOUSE-
HOLD LINENS, BLANKETS, QUILTS, &c., for a
COTTAGE. Write for Special Catalogue.

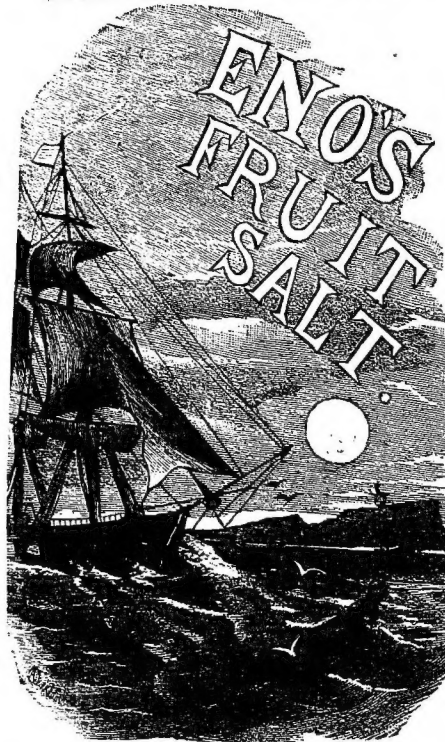
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HOLD LINENS, BLANKETS, QUILTS, &c., for a
VILLA. Write for Special Catalogue.

LINENS.—£30 complete Set of HOUSE-
HOLD LINENS, BLANKETS, QUILTS, &c., for a
FAMILY RESIDENCE of Twelve Rooms. Write
for Special Catalogue.



Early English Corner Cabinet, with decorated doors, 1 ft. 10 in.
 wide, 3 ft. 5 in. high, £3 3s.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS AND ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.



IN THE VOYAGE OF THIS LIFE ENO'S
FRUIT SALT IS AN IMPERATIVE HYGIENIC NEED,
 or Necessary Adjunct; it keeps the blood pure, prevents fevers and
 acute inflammatory diseases, and removes the injurious effects
 arising from stimulants and narcotics, such as alcohol, tobacco, tea,
 and coffee, by natural means. It thus restores the nervous system to
 its normal condition, by preventing the great danger of poisoned blood,
 fevers, &c., and over-cerebral activity, nervousness, irritability,
 worry, &c.

"ROUND THE WORLD IN SIX
MONTHS."—By Lieut.-Colonel E. S. BRIDGES, Grenadier
 Guards.—In list of what to take with you, ENO'S FRUIT SALT.—
 See page 293.

DON'T GO TO SEA WITHOUT A
BOTTLE OF ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT.
 "From a Town in British Guiana, South America."

"I, C. Eno, Esq., London.
"SIR,—After two years' trial of your excellent
 FRUIT SALT, I can safely say it has saved me much
 misery from Colonial fevers, indigestion, and impaired appetite, to
 which I have been subject during eleven years' residence in the
 tropics.

"It is invaluable to travellers, as a preventive of sea sickness and
 a relief from the other ailments of life aboard ship; and, for myself,
 I would as soon think of going a voyage without my tooth brush as
 my bottle of FRUIT SALT. With ordinary care, it does not get
 hard and caked as other effervescent preparations do in warm and
 humid climates, and this is greatly in its favour.—I am, Sir, yours
 respectfully,
 "W. J. B."

HOW TO ASSIST NATURE WITHOUT
HAZARDOUS FORCE.—A Gentleman, who is now above
 three score years and ten, writes thus: "I have for a long time used
 ENO'S FRUIT SALT; I have found it an effective gentle aperient,
 very beneficial to persons of sedentary habits, especially such as
 exercise not the limbs but the brain, and frequently require to
 assist nature without hazardous force. It acts according to the
 quantity taken, either as a relieving medicine or as a cooling and
 refreshing drink; and I am convinced that it does not weaken when
 it stimulates."

OUT OF SORTS!—Extract of Letter from
 a Provincial Chemist.—"We have a great sale for your Fruit
 Salt; indeed, I should not like to be without it for my own use. I
 seldom, if ever, take anything else when out of sorts."

RHEUMATISM.—A Lady writes: "I have derived great benefit from ENO'S FRUIT
 SALT. I have lost a painful rheumatic swelling around the knee joint; health has improved generally. I consider it a great
 blessing to the community, and trust that it may be adopted far and wide."

WHO ARE
THE REALLY GREAT AND
SUCCESSFUL
MEN in this WORLD?

HUXLEY wisely says:—"Those
 who take honours in nature's university, who
 learn the laws which govern men and things and obey
 them, are the really great and successful men in this
 world. . . . Those who won't learn at all are plucked;
 and they can't come up again. Nature's pluck means
 extermination." The simple meaning is, when ailing,
 pay no attention to the regulation of your diet, exercise,
 or occupation; attempt no conformity to the laws of
 life, or when you have drawn an over-draft on the bank
 of life, &c., avoid the use of ENO'S FRUIT SALT
 and you will be surprised to learn of the body what

A FRAIL and FICKLE TENE-
MENT it is,
WHICH, LIKE the BRITTLE
GLASS

THAT MEASURES TIME,

IS OFTEN BROKEN ere half

ITS SANDS are RUN.

USE ENO'S FRUIT SALT.—Or
 as a health-giving, refreshing, cooling, invigorating
 beverage, or as a gentle laxative and tonic in the
 various forms of indigestion, use ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

Prepared only at ENO'S FRUIT SALT WORKS, HATCHAM, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.

Especially to CONSULS, SHIP CAPTAINS, EMIGRANTS,
and EUROPEANS generally, who are VISITING
OR RESIDING IN HOT OR FOREIGN CLIMATES,

Or in the United Kingdom. As a natural product of nature, use ENO'S FRUIT SALT,
 prepared from Sound Ripe Fruit. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the
 BLOOD PURE. Without such a simple precaution the JEOPARDY of life is immensely
 increased. As a means of keeping the system clear, and thus taking away the groundwork of
 Malarious Diseases and all Liver Complaints, or as a Health-giving, Refreshing, Cooling,
 Invigorating Beverage, or as a Gentle Laxative and Tonic in the various forms of Indigestion,

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

Is particularly valuable. No TRAVELLER should leave home without a supply, for by its
 use the most dangerous forms of FEVERS, BLOOD POISONS, &c., are prevented and
 cured. It is, in truth, a FAMILY MEDICINE CHEST in the simplest yet most potent form.
 Instead of being lowering to the system, this preparation is, in the highest degree, invigorating.
 Its effect in relieving thirst, giving tone to the system, and aiding digestion, is most striking.

FOR BILIOUSNESS or SICK HEADACHE, GIDDINESS,
 Depression of Spirits, Sluggish Liver, Vomiting, Sourness of the Stomach, Heartburn,
 Costiveness, and its evils, Impure Blood and Skin Eruptions, &c., ENO'S FRUIT SALT is
 the simplest and best remedy yet introduced. It removes, by a natural means, effete matter
 or poison from the blood, thereby preventing and curing Boils, Carbuncles, Fevers, Feverish
 Skin, Erysipelas, and all Epidemics, and counteracts any ERRORS OF EATING OR
 DRINKING, or any sudden affliction or mental strain, and prevents Diarrhoea.

ENO versus STIMULANTS.—Stimulants and insufficient
 amount of exercise frequently derange the liver. ENO'S FRUIT SALT is peculiarly
 adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver. A world of woes is avoided by those
 who keep and use ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

TO EUROPEANS WHO PROPOSE VISITING HOT
CLIMATES, ENO'S FRUIT SALT is absolutely necessary to the preservation of
health.

DIRECTIONS IN SIXTEEN LANGUAGES HOW TO
PREVENT DISEASE.

CHRONIC DYSPEPSIA.—"A gentleman called in yesterday.
 He is a constant sufferer from chronic dyspepsia, and has taken all sorts of mineral
 waters. I recommended him to give your Salt a trial, which he did, and received great benefit.
 He says he never knew what it was to be without pain until he tried your Salt, and for
 the future shall never be without it in the house."

SUCCESS IN LIFE.—"A new invention is brought before the public and commands
 success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous who, in copying the original closely
 enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original
 channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

TO EMIGRANTS, or Any One Leaving Home for a Change.—ENO'S FRUIT SALT is one
 of the greatest value to emigrants, not only in preventing sea sickness, &c., but as a means of keeping the blood healthy under the
 ever-varying conditions to which he may be exposed.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS.

"Clifton Down Hotel,
 "Near Bristol, Gloucestershire,
 February 10, 1887.

"SIR,—Having travelled a great deal in my life, and
 having suffered a great deal from indigestion, I was induced by a friend to use your
 world-famous FRUIT SALT. I was immediately
 relieved, and am once more hale and healthy. I shall
 never be without a bottle again on my travels. I am
 too pleased to repay you in some way for your wonder-
 ful invention by giving you full use of my testimony to
 the above.
 "Sir, I am yours gratefully,
 "Dr. J. HANSON, M.A."

"To J. C. Eno, Esq."

ALSO GOUTY or RHEUMATIC
POISONS from the blood, the neglect of which
 often results in apoplexy, heart disease, and sudden death.

"WOOD BROTHERS, Chemists, Jersey."

TORPID LIVER.

Thornhill, Hampshire, March, 1887.
 "For three years I have suffered from an enlarged
 and torpid liver; could not sleep on either side, digestion
 bad; in fact, my whole system was out of repair. I
 tried all the German waters to no effect; and after
 great suffering for three years, the use of ENO'S
 FRUIT SALT was suggested to me, and I am happy
 and thankful to be able to state that, after three months'
 use of your Fruit Salt, at bed time and in the morning,
 I am perfectly restored to my usual robust health.
 Again I thank you for your infallible discovery."
 "H. M. DILLON, J. P."

CAUTION.—Legal Rights are pro-
 tected in every civilized country.—Examine each
 bottle, and see the capsule is marked ENO'S FRUIT
 SALT. Without it you have been imposed on by
 worthless imitations. Sold by all Chemists. Price
 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d.

BIRTH.
On the 18th inst., at Hillside, Grove Park, Camberwell, the wife of FREDERICK McDERMOTT, of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.
On the 21st inst., at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, by the Rev. W. C. Safford, Rector of Atterbury, Norfolk, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Boyd, Rector of St. George's, second son of ROBERT JOHN WALLER, of 15, Grosvenor Crescent, to ALICE MAUD MARY, second daughter of GEORGE GRAY, of 4, Marlborough Gate, Hyde Park. No cards.

SULLIVAN AND GILBERT'S NEW OPERA.
PATIENCE; or, BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE. An aesthetic opera, written by W. S. GILBERT, composed by ARTHUR SULLIVAN, produced on Saturday, April 23rd, at the Opera Comique, with enormous success.

In the Press, 3s.
The complete Vocal Score 3s.
Piano-forte Score 3s.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street; and 15, Poultry, E.C.

OLIVETTE. New Comic Opera
(Enormous Success), at the Strand Theatre. Adapted by H. B. FARRIE. Music by AUGUSTUS CHAPPELL. 8s. od. Net

VOCAL SCORE.
ABRIDGED EDITION OF THE VOCAL SCORE, containing the Overture, Songs, &c. 4s. od. Net

PIANO-FORTE SOLO.
ALL THE FAVOURITE AIRS arranged for the Violin 15. 6d. Net

LANCERS. D'ALBERT 2s. od. Net

WALTZ. D'ALBERT 2s. od. Net

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NEAREST AND DEAREST. WALTZ (D'ALBERT) 2s. od. Net

BOYTON SMITH'S FANTASIA. 2s. od. Net

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street; City Branch: 15, Poultry, E.C.

NEW AND POPULAR SONGS.
WELCOME. Lady Arthur Hill. 2s. net.

CEUR DE LION. H. J. STARK. Sung by Mr. Oswald. 2s. net.

AT THE PORTAL. N. FERRI. Sung by Madame Mary Commager. 2s. net.

WHAT THE FIRELIGHT TOLD. J. L. ROECKEL. 2s. net.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD. ROECKEL. 2s. net.

WHERE THE PURPLE VIOLET GROWS. From "The Turquoise Ring." L. BENSON. 2s. net.

DINNA LEAVE ME. A. M. WAKEFIELD, Composer of "No. 10." 2s. net.

THOUGHTS AT SUNRISE. Mrs. L. MONCRIEFF. 2s. net.

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CHAPPELL and CO.'S THREE YEARS' SYSTEM OF HIRE OF PIANOFORTES, HARMONIUMS, AND AMERICAN ORGANS, by which the instrument becomes the property of the hirer at the end of the third year, provided each quarter's hire shall have been regularly paid in advance. Pianofortes from two guineas; harmoniums from 4s. 6d.; and American Organs from 4s. 6d. a quarter.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street; City Branch: 15, Poultry, E.C.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S PIANOS, from 20 guineas.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S COTTAGES, from 27 guineas.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S GRANDS, from 75 guineas.

CHICKERING PIANOFORTES, from 120 guineas. With American discount.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S ALEXANDRE HARMONIUMS, for Church, Schools, or Drawing Rooms, from 6 to 150 guineas, or on the Three Years' System, from 4s. 6d. per quarter.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S Improved AMERICAN ORGANS, combining pipes with reeds. Manufactured by Clough and Warren, Detroit, U.S.A. The immense advantages these instruments possess over the organs hitherto imported have induced Messrs. Chappell and Co. to undertake the sole agency of this eminent manufactory. A large variety on view from 18 to 250 guineas. Price lists on application to CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street; City Branch: 15, Poultry, E.C.

CLOUGH and WARREN'S Favourite ORGAN, compass 5 octaves, ten stops, four sets of reeds, two of 2½ octaves, and two of 2½ Octave, knee swell, elegant carved Canadian walnut case. Price 25 guineas. With 12 Stops, Sub-bass, Octave Coupler, and Two Knee Pedals, 35 guineas. Illustrated price list free by post. Sole Agents, CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street; City Branch: 15, Poultry, E.C.

INSTRUMENTS by all Makers may be hired or purchased on the Three Years' System. CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street; City Branch: 15, Poultry, E.C.

A LARGE DISCOUNT TO PURCHASERS FOR CASH. CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street; City Branch: 15, Poultry, E.C.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S Practical PIANOFORTE SCHOOL. Section 1.—No. 1. PIANOFORTE TUTOR. Catalogues and all particulars may be had from FORSYTH BROTHERS, London, 272a, Regent Circus, Oxford Street; Manchester, Cross Street and South King Street; and all Music-sellers.

HELLER'S Transcriptions for the Piano-forte of SCHUBERT'S SONGS. "Wandering," "The Butterfly," "The Hurdy-Gurdy Player." Performed by Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ. Price 2s. each. Sold at half-price and postage free. FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272a, Regent Circus, London; and Cross St., South King St., Manchester.

ERARD'S PIANOS.—Messrs. ERARD, of 18, Great Marlborough Street, London, and 13, Rue du Mail, Paris, Makers to Her Majesty and the Prince and Princess of Wales, caution the public that Pianofortes are being sold bearing the name of Erard which are not of their manufacture. For information as to authenticity apply at 18, Great Marlborough Street, where new pianos can be obtained at 50 guineas and upwards.

ERARD'S PIANOS.—Cottages from 50 guineas; Obliques, from 85 guineas; Grands, from 125 guineas.

BOOSEY and CO.'S MINIATURE PIANOFORTE. Price 17 guineas. Size, 41 inches high, 5½ inches wide, 6½ octaves; has an excellent quality of tone, and is strongly recommended as an attractive and good Piano. Prospectus on application to BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

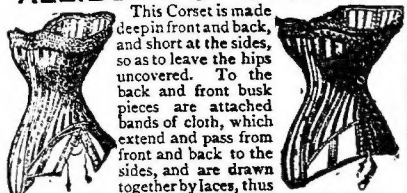
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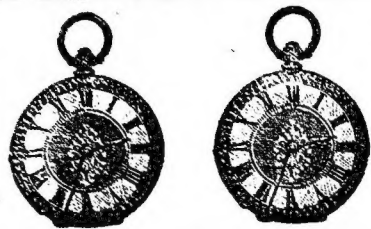
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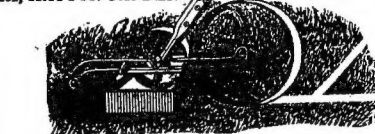
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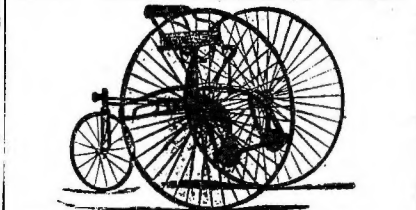
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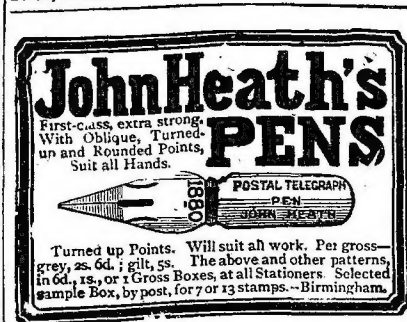
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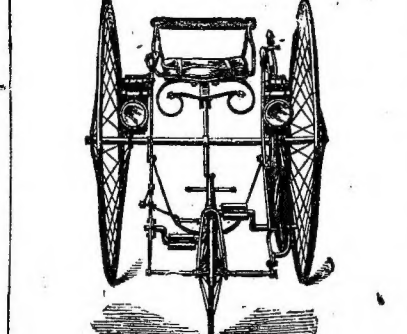
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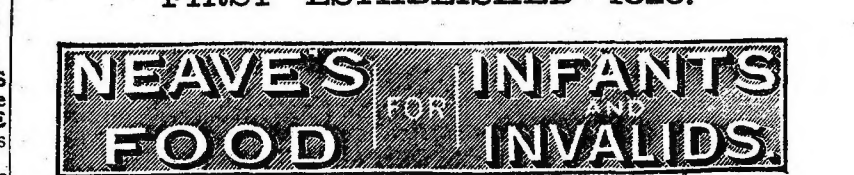
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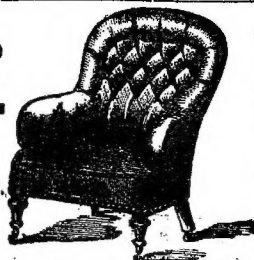
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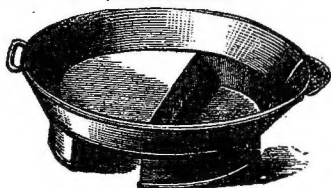
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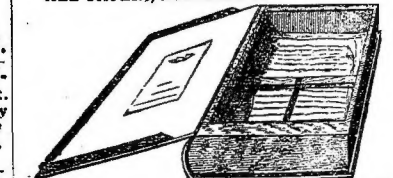
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